NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
Town Hall, Bombay.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 17 February, 2016

THE FUDGES IN ENGLAND;

BEING

A SEQUEL

TO THE

"FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS."

5278
B 2216
9 x . 5 - 11

BY

THOMAS BROWN THE YOUNGER,

AUTHOR OF "THE TWOPENNY POST-BAG," ETC., ETC.

Si mea materiæ respondet Musa jocosæ,
Vicimus. *Ovid.*

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY
BOMBAY BRANCH

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR
LONGMAN, REES, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, & LONGMAN,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1835.

821.7
Bro/Fud
52788

LONDON:

PRINTED BY MANNING AND SMITHSON,
IVY-LANE, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

PREFACE.

THE name of the country town, in England—a well-known fashionable watering-place—in which the events that gave rise to the following correspondence occurred, is, for obvious reasons, suppressed. The interest attached, however, to the facts and personages of the story, renders it independent of all time and place; and when it is recollected that the whole train of romantic circumstances so fully unfolded in these Letters has passed during the short period which has now elapsed since the great Meetings in Exeter Hall, due credit will, it is hoped, be allowed to the Editor for the rapidity with which he has brought the details before the Public; while, at the same time, any errors that may have been the result of such haste will, he trusts, with equal consideration, be pardoned.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

LETTER I.—From Patrick Magan, Esq., to the Rev. Richard ——, Curate of ——, in Ireland . . 1

LETTER II.—From Miss Biddy Fudge, to Mrs. Elizabeth —— 8

LETTER III.—From Miss Fanny Fudge, to her Cousin, Miss Kitty —— 21

LETTER IV.—From Patrick Magan, Esq., to the Rev. Richard —— 32

LETTER V.—From Larry O'Branigan, in England, to his Wife Judy, at Mullinafad 39

LETTER VI.—From Miss Biddy Fudge, to Mrs. Elizabeth —— 48

LETTER VII.—From Miss Fanny Fudge, to her Cousin, Miss Kitty —— 63

LETTER VIII.—From Bob Fudge, Esq., to the Rev. Mortimer O'Mulligan 72

LETTER IX.—From Larry O'Branigan, to his Wife Judy 80

PAGE

LETTER X.—From the Rev. Mortimer O'Mulligan, to the Rev. —— 90

LETTER XI.—From Patrick Magan, Esq., to the Rev. Richard ——. 101

TRIFLES, REPRINTED.

Song of the Departing Spirit of Tithe . . . 109

The Euthanasia of Van 113

To the Rev. ——, one of the Sixteen Requisitionists of Nottingham 115

Irish Antiquities 117

A Curious Fact 118

New-Fashioned Echoes 120

Incantation. From the new tragedy of "The Brunswickers." 123

How to make a good Politician 126

Epistle of Condolence, from a Slave-Lord, to a Cotton-Lord 129

The Ghost of Miltiades 131

Alarming Intelligence—Revolution in the Dictionary—One *Galt* at the head of it. 134

Resolutions passed at a late Meeting of Reverends and Right Reverends 136

Sir Andrew's Dream 139

Love Song 142

Sunday Ethics 144

Awful Event 146

PAGE
The Numbering of the Clergy 148
A Sad Case 150
A Dream of Hindostan 152
Proposals for a Gynœcocracy 154
Lord H-nl-y and St. Cecilia 157
The Dance of Bishops 160
Dick * * * * 164
A corrected Report of some late Speeches . . . 165
The Brunswick Club 168
Advertisement 170
The Mad Tory and the Comet 172
From the Hon. Henry ——, to Lady Emma ——. . 175
Dublin University 177
Translation from the Gull Language 179
Notions on Reform 182
Tory Pledges 184
St. Jerome on Earth. First Visit 187
——————— Second Visit 189
The Consultation 193
To the Rev. Ch-rl-s Ov-rt-n, Curate of Romaldkirk . 195
Scene from a Play, acted at Oxford, called "Matriculation." 197
Late Tithe Case 199
Fools' Paradise 201
The Rector and his Curate; or One Pound Two . . 204
Paddy's Metamorphosis 205
Cocker, on Church Reform 207
Les Hommes Automates 209
How to make One'sself a Peer 211

By the same Author.

THE FUDGE FAMILY IN PARIS.

12mo. Price 7*s*. 6*d*.

ODES UPON CASH, CORN, CATHOLICS,

And other matters. Price 7*s*. 6*d*.

MEMOIRS OF CAPTAIN ROCK,

The celebrated Irish Chieftain; with some Account of his Ancestors. Fifth edition. Price 9*s*.

TOM CRIB'S MEMORIAL TO CONGRESS.

By one of the Fancy. Price 5*s*. 6*d*.

LETTER I.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD ———, CURATE OF ———, IN IRELAND.

Who d'ye think we've got here?—quite reformed from the giddy,
Fantastic young thing, that once made such a noise—
Why, the famous Miss Fudge—that delectable Biddy,
Whom you and I saw once at Paris, when boys,
In the full blaze of bonnets, and ribands, and airs,—
Such a thing as no rainbow hath colours to paint;
Ere time had reduced her to wrinkles and prayers,
And the Flirt found a decent retreat in the Saint.

Poor "Pa" hath popp'd off—gone, as charity judges,
To some choice Elysium reserv'd for the Fudges;
And Miss, with a fortune, besides expectations
From some much revered and much-palsied relations,
Now wants but a husband, with requisites meet,—
Age thirty, or thereabouts—stature six feet,
And warranted godly,—to make all complete.
Nota bene—a Churchman would suit, if he 's *high*,
But Socinians or Catholics need not apply.

What say you, Dick? does n't this tempt your ambition?
The whole wealth of Fudge, that renown'd man of pith,
All brought to the hammer, for Church competition,—
Sole encumbrance, Miss Fudge to be taken therewith.
Think, my boy, for a Curate how glorious a catch!
While, instead of the thousands of souls you *now* watch,

To save Biddy Fudge's is all you need do ;
And her purse will, meanwhile, be the saving of you.

You may ask, Dick, how comes it that I, a poor elf,
Wanting substance ev'n more than your spiritual self,
Should thus generously lay my own claims on the shelf,
When, God knows! there ne'er was young gentleman yet
So much lack'd an old spinster to rid him from debt,
Or had cogenter reasons than mine to assail her
With tender love-suit,—at the suit of his tailor.

But thereby there hangs a soft secret, my friend,
Which thus to your reverend breast I commend:
Miss Fudge hath a niece—such a creature!—with eyes
Like those sparklers that peep out from 'summer-night skies
At astronomers-royal, and laugh with delight
To see elderly gentlemen spying all night.

While her figure — oh, bring all the gracefullest
things
That are borne through the light air by feet or by
wings,
Not a single new grace to that form could they
teach,
Which combines in itself the perfection of each;
While, rapid or slow, as her fairy feet fall,
The mute music of symmetry modulates all.

In shor , ne'er was there creature more form'd to
bewilder
A gay youth like me, who of castles aërial
(And *only* of such) am, God help me! a builder;
Still peopling each mansion with lodgers ethereal,
And now, to this nymph of the seraph-like eye,
Letting out, as you see, my first floor next the
sky.*

* That floor which a facetious garreteer called "Le premier en descendant du ciel."

But, alas! nothing's perfect on earth,—even she,
This divine little gipsy, does odd things sometimes;
Talks learning—looks wise (rather painful to see),
Prints already in two County papers her rhymes;
And raves—the sweet, charming, absurd little dear!
About Amulets, Bijous, and Keepsakes, next year,
In a manner which plainly bad symptoms portends
Of that Annual *blue* fit, so distressing to friends;
A fit which, though lasting but one short edition,
Leaves the patient long after in sad inanition.

However, let's hope for the best,—and, meanwhile,
Be it mine still to bask in the niece's warm smile;
While you, if you're wise, Dick, will play the gallant
(Uphill work, I confess) to her Saint of an Aunt.
Think, my boy, for a youngster like you, who 've a lack,
Not indeed of rupees, but of all other specie,
What luck thus to find a kind witch at your back,
An old goose with gold eggs, from all debts to release ye!

Never mind, tho' the spinster be reverend and thin,
What are all the Three Graces to her Three per Cents. ?
While her acres !—oh Dick, it don't matter one pin
How she touches th' affections, so *you* touch the rents ;
And Love never looks half so pleas'd as when, bless him, he
Sings to an old lady's purse "Open, Sesame."

By the way, I've just heard, in my walks, a report,
Which, if true, will ensure for your visit some sport.
'T is rumour'd our Manager means to bespeak
The Church tumblers from Exeter Hall for next week ;
And certainly ne'er did a queerer or rummer set
Throw, for th' amusement of Christians, a summerset.
'Tis feared their chief "Merriman," C—ke, cannot come,
Being called off, at present, to play Punch at home ;*

* See the Dublin Evening Post, of the 9th of this month (July) for an account of a scene which lately took place at a meeting of the Synod of Ulster, in which the performance of the above-mentioned part by the personage in question, appears to have been worthy of all his former reputation in that line.

And the loss of so practis'd a wag in divinity
Will grieve much all lovers of jokes on the Trinity;—
His pun on the name Unigenitus, lately
Having pleas'd Robert Taylor, the *Reverend*, greatly.*

'T will prove a sad drawback, if absent he be,
As a wag Presbyterian's a thing quite to see;
And, among the Five Points of the Calvinists, none of 'em
E'er thought of making a point of wit one of 'em.
But ev'n though deprived of this comical elf,
We've a host of *buffoni* in Murtagh himself,
Who, of all the whole troop is chief mummer and mime,
As C—ke takes the *Ground* Tumbling, *he* the *Sublime;*†
And of him we're quite certain, so, pray, come in time.

* "All are punsters if they have wit to be so; and therefore when an Irishman has to commence with a Bull, you will naturally pronounce it a *bull.* (A laugh.) Allow me to bring before you the famous Bull that is called Unigenitus, referring to the only-begotten Son of God."—*Report of the Rev. Doctor's Speech, June* 20, *in the Record Newspaper.*

† In the language of the play-bills, "Ground and *Lofty* Tumbling."

LETTER II.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE, TO MRS. ELIZABETH ———.

Just in time for the post, dear, and monstrously busy,
With godly concernments,—and worldly ones, too;
Things carnal and spiritual mixed, my dear Lizzy,
In this little brain till, bewilder'd and dizzy,
'Twixt heaven and earth, I scarce know what I do.

First, I've been to see all the gay fashions from Town,
Which our favourite Miss Gimp for the spring has had down.
Sleeves *still* worn (which *I* think is wise), *à la folle*,
Charming hats, *pou de soie*,—though the shape rather droll.

But you can't think how nicely the caps of *tulle* lace,
With the *mentonnières*, look on this poor sinful face;
And I mean, if the Lord in his mercy thinks right,
To wear one at Mrs. Fitz-wigram's to-night.

The silks are quite heav'nly:—I'm glad, too, to say,
Gimp herself grows more godly and good every day;
Hath had sweet experience—yea, ev'n doth begin
To turn from the Gentiles, and put away sin,—
And all since her last stock of goods was laid in.
What a blessing one's milliner, careless of pelf,
Should thus "walk in newness" as well as one's self!

So much for the blessings, the comforts of Spirit
I've had since we met, and they're more than I merit!—
Poor, sinful, weak creature in every respect,
Though ordain'd (God knows why) to be one of th'
Elect.
But now for the picture's reverse.—You remember
That footman and cook-maid I hired last December;

He, a Baptist Particular,—*she*, of some sect
Not particular, I fancy, in any respect;
But desirous, poor thing, to be fed with the Word,
And "to wait," as she said, "on Miss Fudge and the Lord."

Well, my dear, of all men, that Particular Baptist
At preaching a sermon, off hand, was the aptest;
And, long as he staid, do him justice, more rich in
Sweet savours of doctrine, there never was kitchen.
He preach'd in the parlour, he preach'd in the hall,
He preach'd to the chambermaids, scullions and all.
All heard with delight his reprovings of sin,
But above all, the cook-maid;—oh, ne'er would she tire,—
Though, in learning to save sinful souls from the fire,
She would oft let the soles she was frying fall in.
(God forgive me for punning on points thus of piety!—
A sad trick I've learn'd in Bob's heathen society.)

But ah! there remains still the worst of my tale;
Come, Ast'risks, and help me the sad truth to veil,—
Conscious stars, that at ev'n your own secret turn
pale!

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

In short, dear, this preaching and psalm-singing pair,
Chosen "vessels of mercy," as *I* thought they were,
Have together this last week eloped; making bold
To whip off as much goods as both vessels could hold,—
Not forgetting some scores of sweet Tracts from my
shelves,
Two Family Bibles as large as themselves,
And besides, from the drawer,—I neglecting to lock it—
My neat "Morning Manna, done up for the pocket."*

* "Morning Manna, or British Verse-book, neatly done up for the pocket," and chiefly intended to assist the members of the British Verse Association, whose design is, we are told, "to induce the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland, to commit one and the same verse of Scripture to memory every morning. Already, it is known, several thousand persons in Scotland,

Was there e'er known a case so distressing, dear Liz?
It has made me quite ill:—and the worst of it is,
When rogues are *all* pious, 'tis hard to detect
Which rogues are the reprobate, *which* the elect.
This man "had a *call*," he said,—impudent mockery!
What call had he to *my* linen and crockery?

I'm now, and have been for this week past, in chase
Of some godly young couple this pair to replace..
The inclosed two announcements have just met my eyes,
In that ven'rable Monthly where Saints advertise
For such temporal comforts as this world supplies;*

besides tens of thousands in America and Africa, are *every morning learning the same verse.*"

* The Evangelical Magazine.—A few specimens taken at random from the wrapper of this highly esteemed periodical will fully justify the character which Miss Fudge has here given of it. "Wanted, in a pious pawn-broker's family, an active lad as an apprentice." "Wanted, as housemaid, a young female who has been brought to a saving knowledge of the truth." "Wanted immediately, a man of decided piety,

And the fruits of the Spirit are properly made
An essential in every craft, calling and trade.
Where th' attorney requires for his 'prentice some youth
Who has "learn'd to fear God and to walk in the truth;"
Where the sempstress, in search of employment, declares,
That pay is no object, so she can have prayers;
And th' Established Wine Company proudly gives out
That the whole of the firm, Co. and all, are devout.

Happy London, one feels, as one reads o'er the pages,
Where Saints are so much more abundant than sages;
Where Parsons may soon be all laid on the shelf,
As each Cit can cite chapter and verse for himself,

to assist in the baking business." "A gentleman who understands the Wine Trade is desirous of entering into partnership &c. &c. He is not desirous of being connected with any one whose system of business is not of the strictest integrity as in the sight of God, and seeks connexion only with a truly pious man, either Churchman or Dissenter."

And the *serious* frequenters of market and dock
All lay in religion as part of their stock.*
Who can tell to what lengths we may go on improving,
When thus through all London the Spirit keeps moving,
And heaven's so in vogue, that each shop adver*tise*ment
Is now not so much for the earth as the skies meant?

* According to the late Mr. Irving, there is even a peculiar form of theology, got up expressly for the money-market. "I know how far wide," he says, "of the mark my views of Christ's work in the flesh, will be viewed by those who are working with the stock-jobbing theology of the religious world." "Let these preachers," he adds, "(for I will not call them theologians), cry up, broker-like, their article."

Morning Watch.—No. 3, 442—3.

From the statement of another writer, in the same publication, it would appear that the stock-brokers have even set up a new Divinity of their own. "This shows," says the writer in question, "that the doctrine of the union between Christ and his members, is quite as essential as that of substitution, by taking which latter alone the *Stock-Exchange Divinity* has been produced."—No. 10, p. 375.

Among the ancients, we know the money-market was provided with more than one presiding Deity—"Deæ Pecuniæ (says an ancient author) commendabantur ut pecuniosi essent."

P. S.

Have mislaid the two paragraphs—can't stop to look,
But both describe charming,—both Footman and Cook.

She, "decidedly pious"—with pathos deplores
Th' increase of French cook'ry, and sin on our shores;
And adds, — (while for further accounts she refers
To a great Gospel preacher, a cousin of hers),
That "though *some* make their sabbaths mere matter-of-fun days,
She asks but for tea and the Gospel, on Sundays."

The footman, too, full of the true saving knowledge;—
Has late been to Cambridge, — to Trinity College;
Serv'd last a young gentleman, studying divinity,
But left,—not approving the morals of Trinity.

P. S.

I inclose, too, according to promise, some scraps
Of my Journal,—that Day-book I keep of my heart;
Where, at some little items (partaking, perhaps,
More of earth than of heaven), thy prud'ry may start,
And suspect something tender, sly girl as thou art.
For the present, I'm mute — but, whate'er may befall,
Recollect, dear, in Hebrews, xiii. 4, St. Paul
Hath himself declar'd, "marriage is honourable in all."

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Monday.

Tried a new châlé gown on—pretty.

No one to see me in it—pity!

Flew in a passion with Friz, my maid:—
The Lord forgive me!—she look'd dismay'd;
But got her to sing the 100th Psalm,
While she curl'd my hair, which made me calm.
Nothing so soothes a Christian heart
As sacred music—heavenly art!

Tuesday.

At two, a visit from Mr. Magan,—
A remarkably handsome, nice young man;
And, all Hibernian though he be,
As civiliz'd, strange to say, as we!

I own this young man's spiritual state
Hath much engross'd my thoughts of late;
And I mean, as soon as my niece is gone,
To have some talk with him thereupon.
At present, I nought can do or say,
But that troublesome child is in the way:

Nor is there, I think, a doubt that he
Would also her absence much prefer,
As oft, while listening intent to me,
He's forc'd, from politeness, to look at her.

Heigho!—what a blessing should Mr. Magan
Turn out, after all, a "renewed" young man;
And to me should fall the task, on earth,
To assist at the dear youth's second birth.
Blest thought! and, ah, more blest the tie,
Were it heaven's high will, that he and I—
But I blush to write the nuptial word,—
Should wed, as St. Paul says, "in the Lord;"
Not *this* world's wedlock—gross, gallant,
But pure,—as when Amram married his aunt.

Our ages differ—but who would count
One's natural sinful life's amount,

Or look in the Register's vulgar page
For a regular twice-born Christian's age,
Who, blessed privilege! only then
Begins to live when he's born again.
And, counting in *this* way,—let me see,—
I myself but five years old shall be,
And dear Magan, when th' event takes
place,
An actual new-born child of grace,—
Should Heav'n in mercy so dispose,—
A six-foot baby, in *swaddling* clothes.

Wednesday.

Finding myself, by some good fate,
With Mr. Magan left *tête-a-tête*,
Had just begun,—having stirr'd the fire,
And drawn my chair near his,—to inquire
What his notions were of Original Sin,
When that naughty Fanny again bounc'd
in;

And all the sweet things I had got to say
Of the Flesh and the Devil, were whisk'd
away!

Much grieved to observe that Mr. Magan
Is actually pleased and amused with Fan!
What charms any sensible man can see
In a child so foolishly young as she,—
But just eighteen, come next May-day,
With eyes, like herself, full of nothing but
play,—
Is, I own, an exceeding puzzle to me.

LETTER III.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN, MISS KITTY ——.

STANZAS

(INCLOSED)

TO MY SHADOW;

OR,

WHY?—WHAT?—HOW?

Dark comrade of my path! while earth and sky
Thus wed their charms, in bridal light arrayed,
Why, in this bright hour, walk'st thou ever nigh,
Blackening my footsteps with thy length of shade—
Dark comrade, WHY?

Thou mimic Shape that, mid these flowery scenes,
Glidest beside me o'er each sunny spot,
Sadd'ning them as thou goest,—say, what means
So dark an adjunct to so bright a lot,—
Grim goblin, WHAT?

Still, as to pluck sweet flowers I bend my brow,
Thou bendest, too,—then risest when I rise;—
Say, mute mysterious Thing! how is't that thou
Thus com'st between me and those blessed skies,—
Dim shadow, How?

(ADDITIONAL STANZA, BY ANOTHER HAND.)

Thus said I to that Shape, far less in grudge
Than gloom of soul, while, as I eager cried,
Oh why? what? how?—a Voice, that one might judge
To be some Irish echo's, faint replied
All fudge, fudge, fudge!

You have here, dearest Coz, my last lyric effusion;
And, with it, that odious "additional stanza,"
Which Aunt *will* insist I must keep, as conclusion,
And which, you'll *at once* see, is Mr. Magan's;—a
Mere part of that plot in which he and my Aunt are
To stifle the flights of my genius by banter.

Just so 'twas with Byron's young eagle-eyed strain,
Just so did they taunt him;—but vain, critics, vain
All your efforts to saddle Wit's fire with a chain!
To blot out the splendour of Fancy's young stream,
Or crop, in its cradle, her newly-fledg'd beam!!!
Thou perceiv'st, dear, that, ev'n while these lines I indite,
Thoughts burn, brilliant fancies break out, wrong or right,
And I'm all over poet, in Criticism's spite!

That my Aunt, who deals only in Psalms, and regards
Messrs. Sternhold and Co. as the first of all bards,—

That *she* should make light of my works I can't blame;
But that nice, handsome, odious Magan—what a shame!
Do you know, dear, that, high as on most points I rate him,
I'm really afraid—after all, I—*must* hate him.
He is *so* provoking—nought's safe from his tongue,
He spares no one authoress, ancient or young.
Were you Sappho herself, and in Keepsake or Bijou
Once shone as contributor, lord how he'd quiz you!
He laughs at *all* Monthlies,—I've actually seen
A sneer on his brow at the Court Magazine!—
While of Weeklies, poor things, there's but one he peruses,
And buys every book which that Weekly abuses.
But I care not how others such sarcasm may fear,
One spirit, at least, will not bend to his sneer;
And though tried by the fire, my young genius shall burn as
Uninjured as crucified gold in the furnace!

(I suspect the word "crucified" must be made
"crucible,"
Before this fine image of mine is producible.)

And now, dear—to tell you a secret which, pray
Only trust to such friends as with safety you may—
You know, and, indeed the whole county suspects,
(Though the Editor often my best things rejects),
That the verses signed *so*, ☞ which you now and
then see
In our County Gazette (vide *last*) are by me.
But 'tis dreadful to think what provoking mistakes
The vile country Press in one's prosody makes.
For you know, dear,—I may, without vanity, hint—
Though an angel should write, still 'tis *devils* must
print;
And you can't think what havoc these demons some-
times
Choose to make of one's sense, and what's worse, of
one's rhymes.

But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring,
Which I *meant* to have made a most beautiful thing,
Where I talked of the "dewdrops from freshly-blown roses,"
The nasty things made it "from freshly-blown noses!"
And once when, to please my cross Aunt, I had tried
To commem'rate some saint of her *clique,* who'd just died,
Having said he "had tak'n up in heav'n his position,"
They made it, he'd "tak'n up to heav'n his physician!"

This is very disheartening;—but brighter days shine,
I rejoice, love, to say, both for me and the Nine;
For, what do you think?—so delightful! next year,
Oh, prepare, dearest girl, for the grand news prepare,—
I'm to write in the Keepsake—yes, Kitty my dear,
To write in the Keepsake, as sure as you 're there!!

T'other night, at a Ball, 'twas my fortunate chance
With a very nice elderly Dandy to dance,
Who, 'twas plain, from some hints which I now and
then caught,
Was the author of *something* — one couldn't tell
what;
But his satisfied manner left no room to doubt
It was something that Colbourn had lately brought
out.

We conversed of *belles-lettres* through all the quad-
rille,—
Of poetry, dancing, of prose, standing still;
Talk'd of Intellect's march—whether right 'twas or
wrong,—
And then settled the point in a bold *en avant.*
In the course of this talk 'twas that, having just hinted
That *I* too had Poems which—longed to be printed,
He protested, kind man! he had seen, at first sight,
I was actually *born* in the Keepsake to write.

"In the Annals of England let some," he said,
"shine,
But a place in her Annuals, Lady, be thine!
Even now future Keepsakes seem brightly to rise,
Through the vista of years, as I gaze on those eyes,—
All letter'd and press'd, and of large-paper size!"
How un*like* that Magan, who my genius would
smother,
And how we, true geniuses, find out each other!

This, and much more he said, with that fine frenzied
glance
One so rarely now sees, as we slid through the
dance;
Till between us 'twas finally fixed that, next year,
In this exquisite task I my pen should engage;
And, at parting, he stoop'd down and lisped in my ear
These mystical words, which I could but *just* hear,
"Terms for rhyme,—if it 's *prime*,—ten and six-
pence per page."

Think, Kitty my dear, if I heard his words right,
What a mint of half-guineas this small head contains;
If for nothing to write is itself a delight,
Ye Gods, what a bliss to be paid for one's strains!

Having dropp'd the dear fellow a curtesy profound,
Off at once, to inquire all about him, I ran;
And from what I could learn, do you know, dear, I've found
That he 's quite a new species of lit'rary man;
One, whose task is,—to what will not fashion accustom us?
To *edite* live authors, as if they were posthumous.
For instance,—the plan, to be sure, is the oddest!—
If any young he or she author feels modest
In venturing abroad, this kind gentleman-usher
Lends promptly a hand to the int'resting blusher;
Indites a smooth Preface, brings merit to light
Which else might, by accident, shrink out of sight,
And, in short, renders readers and critics polite.

My Aunt says,—though scarce on such points one
can credit her,—
He was Lady Jane Thingumbob's last novel's editor.
'T is certain the fashion 's but newly invented ;
And, quick as the change of all things and all
names is,
Who knows but, as authors, like girls, are *presented*,
We, girls, may be *edited* soon at St. James's?

I must now close my letter—there 's Aunt, in full
screech,
Wants to take me to hear some great Irvingite preach.
God forgive me, I'm not much inclined, I must say,
To go and sit still to be preach'd at, to-day.
And, besides—'twill be all against dancing, no doubt,
Which my poor Aunt abhors, with such hatred de-
vout,
That, so far from presenting young nymphs with a
head,
For their skill in the dance, as of Herod is said,
She'd wish their own heads in the platter, instead.

There, again—coming, Ma'am!—I'll write more, if I
can,
Before the post goes—
Your affectionate Fan.

Four o'clock.

Such a sermon!—though *not* about dancing, my dear;
'Twas only on th' end of the world being near.
Eighteen Hundred and Forty 's the year that some
state
As the time for that accident,—some Forty Eight:*
And I own, of the two, I'd prefer much the latter,
As then I shall be an old maid, and 'twon't matter.
Once more, love, good bye,—I've to make a new cap;
But am now so dead tired with this horrid mishap
Of the end of the world, that I *must* take a nap.

* With regard to the exact time of this event, there appears to be a difference only of about two or three years among the respective calculators. M. Alphonse Nicole, Docteur en Droit, et Avocat, merely doubts whether it is to be in 1846, or 1847. "A cette époque," he says, "les fidèles peuvent espérer de voir s'effectuer la purification du Sanctuaire."

LETTER IV.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD ———.

He comes from Erin's speechful shore,
Like fervid kettle, bubbling o'er
With hot effusions,—hot and weak;
Sound, Humbug, all your hollowest drums,
He comes, of Erin's martyrdoms
To Britain's well-fed Church to speak.

Puff him, ye Journals of the Lord,*
Twin prosers, Watchman and Record!
Journals reserv'd for realms of bliss,
Being much too good to sell in this.

* "Our anxious desire is to be found on the side of the Lord."—*Record Newspaper.*

Prepare, ye wealthier Saints, your dinners,
Ye Spinsters, spread your tea and crumpets;
And you, ye countless Tracts for Sinners,
Blow all your little penny trumpets.
He comes, the reverend man, to tell
To all who still the Church's part take,
Tales of parsonic woe, that well
Might make ev'n grim Dissenter's heart ache:—
Of ten whole Bishops snatched away
For ever from the light of day;
(With God knows, too, how many more,
For whom that doom is yet in store)—
Of Rectors cruelly compelled
From Bath and Cheltenham to haste home,
Because the tithes, by Pat withheld,
Will *not* to Bath or Cheltenham come;
Nor will the flocks consent to pay
Their parsons thus to stay away;—
Though, with *such* parsons, one may doubt
If 'tis n't money well laid out;—

Of all, in short, and each degree
Of that once happy Hierarchy,
Which used to roll in wealth so pleasantly;
But now, alas, is doom'd to see
Its surplus brought to nonplus presently!

Such are the themes this man of pathos,
Priest of prose and Lord of bathos,
Will preach and preach t' ye, till you're dull again;
Then, hail him, Saints, with joint acclaim,
Shout to the stars his tuneful name,
Which Murtagh *was*, ere known to fame,
But now is *Mortimer* O'Mulligan!

All true, Dick, true as you're alive—
I've seen him, some hours since, arrive.
Murtagh is come, the great Itinerant,
And Tuesday, in the Market-place,
Intends, to every saint and sinner in 't,
To state what *he* calls Ireland's Case;

Meaning thereby the case of *his* shop,—
Of curate, vicar, rector, bishop,
And all those other grades seraphic,
That make men's souls their special traffic,
Though seldom minding much *which* way
Th' erratic souls go, so they *pay*.—
Just as some roguish country nurse,
Who takes a foundling babe to suckle,
First pops the payment in her purse,
Then leaves poor dear to—suck its knuckle:
Ev'n so these reverend rigmaroles
Pocket the money—starve the souls.

Murtagh, however, in his glory,
Will tell, next week, a different story;
Will make out all these men of barter,
As each a saint, a downright martyr,
Brought to the *stake*—i. e. a *beef* one,
Of all their martyrdoms the chief one;

Though try them ev'n at this, they 'll bear it,
If tender and wash'd down with claret.

Meanwhile Miss Fudge, who loves all lions,
Your saintly, *next* to great and high 'uns,—
(A Viscount, be he what he may,
Would cut a Saint out, any day),
Has just announced a godly rout,
Where Murtagh's to be first brought out,
And shown in his tame, *week-day* state:—
" Pray'rs, half-past seven, tea at eight."
Ev'n so the circular missive orders,—
Pink cards, with cherubs round the borders.

Haste, Dick—you're lost, if you lose time,—
Spinsters at forty-five grow giddy,
And Murtagh, with his tropes sublime,
Will surely carry off old Biddy,
Unless some spark at once propose,
And distance him by downright prose.

That sick, rich squire, whose wealth and lands
All pass, they say, to Biddy's hands,
(The patron, Dick, of three fat rectories!)
Is dying of *angina pectoris*;—
So that, unless you're stirring soon,
Murtagh, that priest of puff and pelf,
May come in for a honey-*moon*,
And be the *man* of it, himself!

As for *me*, Dick,—'t is whim, 't is folly,
But this young niece absorbs me wholly.
'T is true, the girl 's a vile verse-maker,—
Would rhyme all nature, if you'd let her;—
But ev'n her oddities, plague take her,
But make me love her all the better.
Too true it is, she 's bitten sadly
With this new rage for rhyming badly,
Which late hath seiz'd all ranks and classes,
Down to that new Estate, "the masses;"
Till one pursuit all tastes combines,—
One common rail-road o'er Parnassus,

Where, sliding in those tuneful grooves,
Call'd couplets, all creation moves,
And the whole world runs mad *in lines*.
Add to all this—what's ev'n still worse,
As rhyme itself, though still a curse,
Sounds better to a chinking purse,—
Scarce sixpence hath my charmer got,
While I can muster just a groat;
So that, computing self and Venus,
Tenpence would clear th' amount between us.

However, things may yet prove better:—
Meantime, what awful length of letter!
And how, while heaping thus with gibes
The Pegasus of modern scribes,
My own small hobby of farrago
Hath beat the pace at which ev'n *they* go!

LETTER V.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN, IN ENGLAND, TO HIS WIFE JUDY, AT MULLINAFAD.

Dear Judy, I sind you this bit of a letther,
By mail-coach conveyance,—for want of a betther,—
To tell you what luck in this world I have had
Since I left the sweet cabin, at Mullinafad.
Och, Judy, that night!—when the pig which we meant
To dry-nurse in the parlour, to pay off the rent,
Julianna, the craythur,—that name was the death of her,*—
Gave us the shlip and we saw the last breath of her!
And *there* were the childher, six innocent sowls,
For their nate little play-fellow tuning up howls;

* The Irish peasantry are very fond of giving fine names to their pigs. I have heard of one instance in which a couple of young pigs were named, at their birth, Abelard and Eloisa.

While yourself, my dear Judy, (though grievin's a folly),
Stud over Julianna's remains, melancholy,—
Cryin', half for the craythur, and half for the money,
"Arrah, why did ye die till we'd sowl'd you, my honey?"

But God's will be done!—and then, faith, sure enough,
As the pig was desaiced, 't was high time to be off.
So we gother'd up all the poor duds we could catch,
Lock'd the owld cabin-door, put the kay in the thatch,
Then tuk lave of each other's sweet lips in the dark,
And set off, like the Chrishtians turn'd out of the Ark;
The six childher with you, my dear Judy, ochone!
And poor I wid myself, left condolin' alone.

How I came to this England, o'er say and o'er lands,
And what cruel hard walkin' I 've had on my hands,

Is, at this present writin', too tadious to speak,
So I 'll mintion it all in a postscript, next week :—
Only starv'd I was, surely, as thin as a lath,
Till I came to an up-and-down place they call Bath,
Where, as luck was, I manag'd to make a meal's meat,
By dhraggin owld ladies all day through the street,—
Which their docthors, (who pocket, like fun, the pound starlins),
Have brought into fashion to plase the owld darlins.
Div'l a boy in all Bath, though *I* say it, could carry
The grannies up hill half so handy as Larry;
And the higher they lived, like owld crows, in the air,
The more *I* was wanted to lug them up there.

But luck has two handles, dear Judy, they say,
And mine has *both* handles put on the wrong way.
For, pondherin', one morn, on a drame I 'd just had
Of yourself and the babbies, at Mullinafad,

Och, there came o'er my sinses so plasin' a flutther,
That I spilt an owld Countess right clane in the gutther,
Muff, feathers and all!—the descint was most awful,
And,—what was still worse, faith,—I knew 't was unlawful:
For, though, with mere *women*, no very great evil,
T' upset an owld *Countess* in Bath is the divil!
So, liftin' the chair, with herself safe upon it,
(For nothin' about her was *kilt*, but her bonnet,)
Without even mentionin' "By your lave, ma'am,"
I tuk to my heels and—here, Judy, I am!

What 's the name of this town I can't say very well,
But your heart sure will jump when you hear what befell
Your own beautiful Larry, the very first day,
(And a Sunday it was, shinin' out mighty gay)
When his brogues to this city of luck found their way.

Bein' hungry, God help me, and happenin' to stop,
Just to dine on the shmell of a pasthry-cook's shop,
I saw, in the window, a large printed paper,
And read there a name, och! that made my heart caper,—
Though printed it was in some quare A B C,
That might bother a schoolmasther, let alone *me*.
By gor, you'd have laughed, Judy, could you 've but listened,
As, doubtin', I cried, "why it *is!*—no, it *is n't:*"
But it *was*, after all—for, by spellin' quite slow,
First I made out "Rev. Mortimer"—then a great "O;"
And, at last, by hard readin' and rackin' my skull again,
Out it came, nate as imported, "O'Mulligan!"

Up I jump'd, like a sky-lark, my jew'l, at that name,—
Div'l a doubt on my mind, but it *must* be the same.

"Masther Murthagh, himself," says I, "all the world over!
My own fosther-brother—by jinks, I 'm in clover.
Though *there*, in the play-bill, he figures so grand,
One wet-nurse it was brought us *both* up by hand,
And he 'll not let me shtarve in the inemy's land!"

Well, to make a long hishtory short, niver doubt
But I managed, in no time, to find the lad out;
And the joy of the meetin' bethuxt him and me,—
Such a pair of owld cumrogues—was charmin' to see.
Nor is Murthagh less plas'd with th' evint than *I* am,
As he just then was wanting a Vally-de-sham;
And, for *dressin'* a gintleman, one way or t'other,
Your nate Irish lad is beyant every other.

But now, Judy, comes the quare part of the case;
And, in throth, it 's the only draw-back on my place.
'T was Murthagh's ill luck to be cross'd, as you know,
With an awkward mishfortune some short time ago;

That 's to say, he turn'd Protestant,—*why*, I can't
larn;
But, of coorse, he knew best, an' it 's not *my* consarn.
All I know is, we both were good Cath'lics, at nurse,
And myself am so still,—naythe r betther nor worse.
"Well, our bargain was all right and tight in a jiffey,
And lads more contint never yet left the Liffey,
When Murthagh, — or Morthimer, as he's *now*
chrishen'd,
His *name* being convarted, at laist, if *he* is n't,—
Lookin' sly at me, (faith, 't was divartin' to see)
"*Of coorse*, you 're a Protestant, Larry," says he.
Upon which, says myself, wid a wink just as shly,
"Is 't a Protestant?—oh yes, *I am*, Sir," says I:—
And there the chat ended, and div'l a more word
Controvarsial between us has since then occurr'd.

What Murthagh could mane, and, in throth, Judy
dear,
What *I myself* meant does'nt seem mighty clear;

But the thruth is, though still for the Owld Light a stickler,
I was just then too shtarv'd to be over partic'lar:—
And, God knows, between us, a comic'ler pair
Of twin Protestants could'nt be seen *any* where.

Next Tuesday (as towld in the play-bills I mintion'd,
Address'd "to the loyal and godly-intintion'd,")
His riverence, my master, comes forward to preach,—
Myself does n't know whether sarmon or speech,
But it 's all one to him, he 's a dead hand at each;
Like us, Paddys, in gin'ral, whose skill in orations
Quite bothers the blarney of all other nations.

But, whisht!—there 's his Rivirence, shoutin' out "Larry,"
And sorra a word more will this shmall paper carry;
So, here, Judy, ends my short bit of a letther,
Which, faix, I'd have made a much bigger and betther,

But div'l a one Post-office hole in this town
Fit to swallow a dacent-siz'd billy-dux down.
So, good luck to the childer!—tell Molly, I love her;
Kiss Oonagh's sweet mouth, and kiss Katty all over,—
Not forgettin' the mark of the red-currant whiskey
She got at the fair when yourself was so frisky.
The heav'ns be your bed!—I will write, when I can, again,
Yours to the world's end,

LARRY O'BRANIGAN.

LETTER VI.

FROM MISS BIDDY FUDGE, TO MRS. ELIZABETH ——.

How I grieve you 're not with us!—pray, come, if you can,
Ere we 're robb'd of this dear, oratorical man,
Who combines in himself all the multiple glory
Of Orangeman, Saint, *quondam* Papist and Tory;—
(Choice mixture! like that from which, duly confounded,
The best sort of *brass* was, in old times, compounded)—
The sly and the saintly, the worldly and godly,
All fused down in brogue so deliciously oddly!
In short, he 's a *dear*,—and *such* audiences draws,
Such loud peals of laughter and shouts of applause
As *can't* but do good to the Protestant cause.

Poor dear Irish Church! — he to-day sketch'd a view
Of her hist'ry and prospects, to *me* at least new,
And which (if it *takes* as it ought) must arouse
The whole Christian world her just rights to espouse.
As to *reasoning*,—you know, dear, that's now of no use,
People still will their *facts* and dry *figures* produce,
As if saving the souls of a Protestant flock were
A thing to be managed "according to Cocker!"
In vain do we say, (when rude radicals hector
At paying some thousands a year to a Rector,
In places where Protestants *never yet were*,)
"Who knows but young Protestants *may* be born there?
And, granting such accident, think, what a shame,
If they did n't find Rector and Clerk when they came!
It is clear that, without such a staff on full pay,
These little Church embryos *must* go astray·

And, while fools are computing what Parsons would
cost,
Precious souls are meanwhile to th' Establishment
lost!"

In vain do we put the case sensibly thus;—
They'll still with their figures and facts make a
fuss,
And ask "if, while all, choosing each his own
road,
Journey on, as we can, tow'rds the Heav'nly Abode,
It is right that *seven* eighths of the trav'llers should
pay
For *one* eighth that goes quite a different way?"—
Just as if, foolish people, this was n't, in reality,
A proof of the Church's extreme liberality,
That, though hating Pop'ry, in *other* respects,
She to Catholic *money* in no way objects;
And so lib'ral her very best Saints, in this sense,
That they ev'n go to heav'n at the Cath'lic's expense.

But, though clear to *our* minds all these arguments be,
People cannot or *will* not their cogency see;
And, I grieve to confess, did the poor Irish Church
Stand on reasoning alone, she'd be left in the lurch.
It was therefore, dear Lizzy, with joy most sincere,
That I heard this nice Rev'rend O' *something* we've here,
Produce, from the depths of his knowledge and reading,
A view of that marvellous Church, far exceeding,
In novelty, force and profoundness of thought,
All that Irving himself, in his glory, e'er taught.

Looking through the whole history, present and past,
Of the Irish Law Church, from the first to the last;
Considering how strange its original birth,—
Such a thing having *never* before been on earth,—
How oppos'd to the instinct, the law and the force
Of nature and reason has been its whole course;

Through centuries encount'ring repugnance, resistance,
Scorn, hate, execration,—yet still in existence!
Considering all this, the conclusion he draws
Is, that Nature exempts this one Church from her laws,—
That Reason, dumb-founder'd, gives up the dispute,
And before the portentous anom'ly stands mute;—
That, in short, 'tis a Miracle!—and, *once* begun,
And transmitted through ages, from father to son,
For the honour of miracles, *ought to go on.*

Never yet was conclusion so cogent and sound,
Or so fitted the Church's weak foes to confound.
For, observe, the more low all her merits they place,
The more strong they make out the miraculous case,
And the more all good Christians must deem it profane
To disturb such a prodigy's marvellous reign.

As for scriptural proofs, he quite placed beyond doubt
That the whole in the Apocalypse may be found out,
As clear and well-proved, he would venture to swear,
As anything else has been *ever* found there :—
While the mode in which, bless the dear fellow, he deals
With that whole lot of vials and trumpets and seals,
And the ease with which vial on vial he strings,
Shows him quite a *first-rate* at all these sort of things.

So much for theology :—as for th' affairs
Of this temporal world—the light, drawing-room cares
And gay toils of the toilet, which, God knows, I seek,
From no love of such things, but in humbleness meek,
And to be, as th' Apostle was, "weak with the weak,"—
Thou wilt find quite enough (till I'm somewhat less busy)
In th' extracts inclosed, my dear news-loving Lizzy.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY.

Thursday.

Last night, having nought more holy to do,
Wrote a letter to dear Sir Andrew Agnew,
About the "Do-nothing-on-Sunday-Club,"
Which we wish by some shorter name to dub:—
As the use of more vowels and consonants
Than a Christian, on Sunday, *really* wants,
Is a grievance that ought to be done away,
And the Alphabet left to rest, that day.

Sunday.

Sir Andrew's answer!—but shocking to say,
Being franked unthinkingly yesterday,
To the horror of Agnews yet unborn,
It arriv'd on this blessed Sunday morn!!—
How shocking!—the postman's self cried "shame on't,"
Seeing th' immaculate Andrew's name on't,!!

What will the Club do?—meet, no doubt.
'Tis a matter that touches the Class Devout,
And the friends of the Sabbath *must* speak out.

Tuesday.

Saw to-day, at the raffle,—and saw it with pain,—
That those stylish Fitzwigrams begin to dress plain.
Even gay little Sophy smart trimmings renounces,—
She, who long has stood by me through all sorts of flounces,
And showed, by upholding the toilet's sweet rites,
That we, girls, may be Christians, without being frights.
This, I own, much alarms me; for though one's religious,
And strict and—all that, there's no need to be hideous;
And why a nice bonnet should stand in the way
Of one's going to heav'n, 'tis n't easy to say.

Then, there's Gimp, the poor thing,—if her custom
we drop,
Pray, what's to become of her soul and her shop?
If by saints like ourselves no more orders are
given,
She'll lose all the interest she now takes in
heaven;
And this nice little "fire-brand, pluck'd from the
burning,"
May fall in again at the very next turning.

Wednesday.

Mem.—To write to the India-Mission Society;
And send £20—heavy tax upon piety!

Of all Indian lux'ries we now-a-days boast,
Making "Company's Christians"* perhaps cost the
most.

* The title given by the natives to such of their countrymen as become converts.

And the worst of it is, that these converts full grown,
Having lived in *our* faith mostly die in their *own*,*
Praying hard, at the last, to some god who, they say,
When incarnate on earth, used to steal curds and whey.†
Think, how horrid my dear!—so that all 's thrown away;
And (what is still worse) for the rum and the rice
They 've consumed, while believers, we saints pay the price.

Still 't is cheering to find that we *do* save a few,—
The Report gives six Christians for Cunnangcadoo;
Doorkotchum reckons seven, and four Trevandrum,
While but one and a half 's left at Cooroopadum.

* Of such relapses we find innumerable instances in the accounts of the Missionaries.

† The god Krishna, one of the incarnations of the god Vishnu. "One day (says the Bhagavata) Krishna's playfellows complained to Tasuda that he had pilfered, and ate their curds."

In this last mention'd place 't is the barbers enslave 'em,
For, once they turn Christians, dear, nobody 'll shave 'em.*

To atone for this rather small Heathen amount,
Some Papists, turn'd Christians,† are tack'd to th' account.
And though, to catch Papists, one need n't go so far,
Such fish are worth hooking, wherever they are;

* "Roteen wants shaving; but the barber here will not do it. He is run away lest he should be compelled. He says he will not shave Yesoo Kreest's people."—*Bapt. Mission Society*, Vol. ii. p. 498.

† In the Reports of the Missionaries, the Roman Catholics are almost always classed along with the Heathen. "I have extended my labours (says James Venning, in a Report for 1831), to the Heathen, Mahomedans and Roman Catholics." "The Heathen and Roman Catholics in this neighbourhood, (says another missionary for the year 1832,) are not indifferent, but withstand, rather than yield to the force of truth."

And just *now*, when so great of such converts the lack is,
One Papist well caught is worth millions of Blackies.

Friday.

Last night had a dream so odd and funny
I cannot resist recording it here.—
Methought that the Genius of Matrimony
Before me stood, with a joyous leer,
Leading a husband in each hand
And both for *me*, which look'd rather queer;—
One I could perfectly understand,
But why there were *two* wasn't quite so clear.
'T was meant, however, I soon could see,
To afford me a *choice*,—a most excellent plan;
And—who should this brace of candidates be
But Messrs. O'Mulligan and Magan:—
A thing, I suppose, unheard of till then,
To dream, at once, of *two* Irishmen!—

That handsome Magan, too, with wings on his shoulders,
(For all this pass'd in the realms of the Blest)
And quite a creature to dazzle beholders;
While even O'Mulligan, feather'd and drest
As an elderly cherub, was looking his best.
Ah Liz, you, who know me, scarce can doubt
As to *which* of the two I singled out.
But,—awful to tell,—when, all in dread
Of losing so bright a vision's charms,
I grasp'd at Magan, his image fled,
Like a mist, away, and I found but the head
Of O'Mulligan, wings and all, in my arms!
The Angel had flown to some nest divine,
And the elderly Cherub alone was mine!

Heigho!—it is certain that foolish Magan
Either can't or *won't* see that he *might* be the man;
And, perhaps, dear,—who knows?—if nought better befal—
But—O'Mulligan *may* be the man, after all.

N. B.

Next week mean to have my first scriptural rout,
For the special discussion of matters devout;—
Like those *soirées*, at Pow'rscourt,* so justly renown'd,
For the zeal with which doctrine and negus went round;—

* An account of these Powerscourt Conversaziones (under the direct presidency of Lord Roden), as well as a list of the subjects discussed at the different meetings, may be found in the Christian Herald for the month of December, 1832. The following is a specimen of the nature of the questions submitted to the company:—"*Monday Evening, Six o'Clock, September* 24, 1832.—'An examination into the quotations given in the New Testament from the Old, with their connection and explanation, viz: &c. &c.'—*Wednesday.*—'Should we expect a personal Antichrist? *and to whom will he be revealed?*' &c.&c.—*Friday.*—'What light does Scripture throw on present events, and their moral character? *What is next to be looked for or expected?*'" &c.

The rapid progress made at these tea-parties in settling points of Scripture, may be judged from a paragraph in the account given of one of their evenings, by the Christian Herald:

"On Daniel a good deal of light was thrown, and there was some, I think not so much, perhaps, upon the Revelations; though particular parts of it were discussed with considerable

Those theology-routs which the pious Lord R-d-n,
That pink of Christianity, first set the mode in;
Where, blessed down-pouring!* from tea until nine,
The subjects lay all in the Prophecy line;—
Then, supper—and then, if for topics hard driven,
From thence until bed-time to Satan was given;
While R-d-n, deep read in each topic and tome,
On all subjects (especially the last) was *at home*.

accession of knowledge. There was some very interesting inquiry as to the quotation of the Old Testament in the New; particularly on the point, whether there was any 'accommotion,' or whether they were quoted according to the mind of the Spirit in the Old; this gave occasion to some very interesting developement of Scripture. The progress of the Anti-christian powers was very fully discussed."

* "About eight o'clock the Lord began to pour down his spirit copiously upon us—for they had all by this time assembled in my room for the purpose of prayer. This down-pouring continued till about ten o'clock."—Letter from Mary Campbell to the Rev. John Campbell, of Row (dated Fernicary, April 4, 1830), giving an account of her "miraculous cure."

LETTER VII.

FROM MISS FANNY FUDGE, TO HER COUSIN, MISS KITTY ———.

IRREGULAR ODE.

Bring me the slumbering souls of flowers,
While yet, beneath some northern sky,
Ungilt by beams, ungemm'd by showers,
They wait the breath of summer hours,
To wake to light each diamond eye,
And let loose every florid sigh!

Bring me the first-born ocean waves,
From out those deep primeval caves,
Where from the dawn of Time they've lain,—
The embryos of a future Main!—

Untaught as yet, young things, to speak
The language of their PARENT SEA,
(Polyphlysbæan* named, in Greek)
Though soon, too soon, in bay and creek,
Round startled isle and wondering peak,
They'll thunder loud and long as HE!

Bring me, from Hecla's iced abode,
Young fires——

I had got, dear, thus far in my ODE,
Intending to fill the whole page to the bottom,
But, having invoked such a lot of fine things,
Flowers, billows and thunderbolts, rainbows and wings,
Didn't know *what* to do with 'em, when I had got 'em.

* If you guess what this word means, 't is more than *I* can:—
I but give't, as I got it from Mr. Magan.
F. F.

The truth is, my thoughts are too full, at this minute,
Of past MSS. any new ones to try.
This very night's coach brings my destiny in it,—
Decides the great question, to live or to die!
And, whether I'm henceforth immortal or no,
All depends on the answer of Simkins and Co.!

You'll think, love, I rave, so 'tis best to let out
The whole secret, at once — I have publish'd a Book!!!
Yes, an actual Book: —if the marvel you doubt,
You have only in last Monday's Courier to look,
And you'll find "This day published by Simkins and Co.
A Romaunt, in twelve Cantos, entitled 'Woe, Woe!'
By Miss Fanny F——, known more commonly *so* ☞."
This I put that my friends mayn't be left in the dark,
But may guess at my *writing* by knowing my *mark*.

How I managed, at last, this great deed to achieve,
Is itself a "Romaunt" which you'd scarce, dear, believe;
Nor can I just now, being all in a whirl,
Looking out for the Magnet,* explain it, dear girl.
Suffice it to say, that one half the expense
Of this leasehold of fame for long centuries hence,—
(Though "God knows," as aunt says, my humble ambition
Aspires not beyond a small Second Edition,)—
One half the whole cost of the paper and printing,
I've managed, this last year, to scrape up, by stinting
My own little wants in gloves, ribbons and shoes,
Thus defrauding the toilet to fit out the Muse!

And who, my dear Kitty, would not do the same?
What's *eau de Cologne* to the sweet breath of fame?

* A day coach of that name.

Yards of ribbon soon end,—but the measures of rhyme,
Dipp'd in hues of the rainbow, stretch out through all time.
Gloves languish and fade away, pair after pair,
While couplets shine out, but the brighter for wear,
And the dancing-shoe's gloss in an evening is gone,
While light-footed lyrics through ages trip on.

The remaining expense, trouble, risk,—and alas!
My poor copyright too—into other hands pass;
And my friend, the Head Dev'l of the "County Gazette,"
(The only Mecænas I've ever had yet),
He who set up in type my first juvenile lays,
Is now set up by them for the rest of his days;
And while Gods (as my "Heathen Mythology" says)
Live on nought but ambrosia, *his* lot how much sweeter
To live, lucky dev'l, on a young lady's metre!

As for *puffing*,—that first of all lit'rary boons,
And essential alike both to bards and balloons;
As, unless well supplied with inflation, 't is found
Neither bards nor balloons budge an inch from the ground;—
In *this* respect, nought could more prosp'rous befal;
As my friend (for no less this kind imp can I call)
Knows the whole world of critics, dear,—*hypers* and all.
I suspect, indeed, he himself dabbles in rhyme,
Which, for imps diabolic, is not the first time;
As I've heard uncle Bob say, 'twas known among Gnostics,
That the Dev'l on Two Sticks was a dev'l at Acrostics.

But hark! there's the Magnet just dash'd in from Town—
How my heart, Kitty, beats! I shall surely drop down.

That awful Court Journal, Gazette, Athenæum,
All full of my book—I shall sink when I see 'em.
And then, the great point—whether Simkins & Co.
Are actually pleas'd with their bargain or no! —

Five o'clock.

All's delightful — such praises! — I really fear
That this poor little head will turn giddy, my dear.
I've but time now to send you two exquisite scraps,—
All the rest by the Magnet, on Monday, perhaps.

FROM THE "MORNING POST."

'Tis known that a certain distinguished physician
Prescribes, for *dyspepsia*, a course of light reading;
And Rhymes by young Ladies, the first, fresh edition,
(Ere critics have injur'd their powers of nutrition,)
Are he thinks, for weak stomachs, the best sort of feeding.

Satires irritate—love-songs are found calorific;
But smooth, female sonnets he deems a specific,
And, if taken at bed-time, a sure soporific.
Among works of this kind, the most pleasing we know,
Is a volume just published by Simkins and Co.,
Where all such ingredients,—the flowery, the sweet,
And the gently narcotic,—are mix'd *per* receipt,
With a hand so judicious, we've no hesitation
To say that—'bove all, for the young generation,—
'T is an elegant, soothing and safe preparation.

Nota bene—for readers, whose object 's *to sleep*,
And who read, in their night-caps, the publishers keep
Good fire-proof binding, which comes very cheap.

ANECDOTE—FROM THE "COURT JOURNAL."

T'other night, at the Countess of * * *'s rout,
An amusing event was much whisper'd about.
It was said that Lord ——, at the Council, that day,
Had, more than once, jump'd from his seat, like a rocket,
And flown to a corner, where, heedless, they say,
How the country's resources were squandered away,
He kept reading some papers he'd brought in his pocket.
Some thought them dispatches from Spain, or the Turk,
Others swore they brought word we had lost the Mauritius;
But it turned out 'twas only Miss Fudge's new work,
Which his Lordship devour'd with such zeal expeditious.—
Messrs. Simkins and Co. to avoid all delay
Having sent it in sheets, that his Lordship might say,
He had distanced the whole reading world, by a day!

LETTER VIII

FROM BOB FUDGE, ESQ., TO THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN.

Tuesday Evening.

I much regret, dear Reverend Sir,
I could not come to * * * to meet you;
But this curst gout won't let me stir,—
Ev'n now I but by proxy greet you;
As this vile scrawl, whate'er its sense is,
Owes all to an amanuensis.
Most other scourges of disease
Reduce men to *extremities*,—
But gout won't leave one even *these*.

From all my sister writes, I see
That you and I will quite agree.

I'm a plain man, who speak the truth,
And trust you'll think me not uncivil,
When I declare that, from my youth,
I've wish'd your country at the devil:
Nor can I doubt, indeed, from all
I've heard of your high patriot fame,—
From every word your lips let fall,—
That you most truly wish the same.
It plagues one's life out—thirty years
Have I had dinning in my ears,
"Ireland wants this, and that, and t'other,'
And, to this hour, one nothing hears
But the same vile, eternal bother.
While of those countless things she wanted,
Thank God, but little has been granted,
And ev'n that little, if we're men
And Britons, we'll have back again!

I really think that Catholic question
Was what brought on my indigestion;

And still each year, as Popery's curse
Has gather'd round us, I've got worse;
Till ev'n my pint of Port a day
Can't keep the Pope and bile away.
And whereas, till the Catholic bill,
I never wanted draught or pill,
The settling of that cursed question
Has quite *un*settled my digestion.

Look what has happened since—th' Elect
Of all the bores of every sect,
The chosen triers of men's patience,
From all the Three Denominations,
Pour'd in upon us,—even Quakers
Turn'd into speechers and law-makers,
Who'll move no question, stiff-rump'd elves,
Till first the Spirit moves themselves;
And whose shrill Yeas and Nays, in chorus,
Conquering our Ays and Nos sonorous,
Will soon to death's own slumber snore us.

Then, too, those Jews!—I really sicken
To think of such abomination;
Fellows, who won't eat ham with chicken,
To legislate for this great nation!—
Depend upon't, when once they've sway,
With rich old Goldsmid at the head o' them,
Th' Excise laws will be done away,
And *Circum*cise ones pass'd instead o' them!

In short, dear Sir, look where one will,
Things all go on so devilish ill,
That, 'pon my soul, I rather fear
Our reverend Rector may be right,
Who tells me the Millennium's near;
Nay, swears he knows the very year,
And regulates his leases by 't;—
Meaning their terms should end, no doubt,
Before the world's own lease is out.
He thinks, too, that the whole thing's ended
So much more soon than was intended,

Purely to scourge those men of sin
Who brought th' accurst Reform Bill in.*

However, let 's not yet despair;
Though Toryism 's eclips'd, at present,
And,—like myself, in this old chair,—
Sits in a state by no means pleasant;
Feet crippled,—hands, in luckless hour,
Disabled of their grasping power;
And all that rampant glee, which revell'd
In this world's sweets, be-dull'd, bedevil'd,—
Yet, though condemned to frisk no more,
And both in Chair of Penance set,
There's something tells me, all 's not o'er
With Toryism or Bobby yet;

* This appears to have been the opinion also of an eloquent writer in the Morning Watch. "One great object of Christ's second Advent, as the Man and as the King of the Jews, is to *punish the Kings* who do not acknowledge that their authority is derived from him, and *who submit to receive it from that many-headed monster, the mob.*" No. 10, p. 373.

That though, between us, I allow
We 've not a leg to stand on now;
Though curst Reform and *colchicum*
Have made us both look deuced glum,
Yet still, in spite of Grote and Gout,
Again we 'll shine triumphant out!

Yes—back again shall come, egad,
Our turn for sport, my reverend lad.
And then, O'Mulligan,—oh then,
When mounted on our nags again,
You, on your high-flown Rosinante,
Bedizen'd out, like Show-Gallantee,—
Glitter great from substance scanty;—
While I, Bob Fudge, Esquire, shall ride
Your faithful Sancho, by your side;
Then,—talk of tilts and tournaments!
Dam 'me, we 'll ————

* * * *

'Squire Fudge's clerk presents
To Reverend Sir his compliments;
Is griev'd to say an accident
Has just occurr'd which will prevent
The Squire,—though now a little better,—
From finishing this present letter.
Just when he 'd got to "Dam 'me, we 'll ——
His Honour, full of martial zeal,
Grasp'd at his crutch, but not being able
To keep his balance or his hold,
Tumbled, both self and crutch, and roll'd
Like ball and bat, beneath the table.

All's safe,—the table, chair, and crutch;—
Nothing, thank God, is broken much,
But the Squire's head, which, in the fall,
Got bump'd considerably—that 's all.
At this no great alarm we feel,
As the Squire's head can bear a deal.

Wednesday Morning.

Squire much the same—head rather light,—
Rav'd about "Barbers' Wigs" all night.

Our house-keeper, old Mrs. Griggs,
Suspects that he meant "barbarous Whigs."

LETTER IX.

FROM LARRY O'BRANIGAN, TO HIS WIFE JUDY.

As it was but last week that I sint you a letther,
You'll wondher, dear Judy, what this is about;
And, throth, it's a letther myself would like betther,
Could I manage to lave the contints of it out;
For sure, if it makes even *me* onaisy,
Who takes things quiet, 'twill dhrive *you* crazy.

Oh Judy, that riverind Murthagh, bad scran to him!
That ev'r I should come to've been sarvant-man to him,
Or so far demane the O'Branigan blood,
And my Aunts, the Diluvians (whom not ev'n the Flood

Was able to wash away clane from the earth)*
As to sarve one whose name, of mere yestherday's birth,
Can no more to a great O, *before* it, purtend,
Than mine can to wear a great Q at its *end.*

But that's now all over—last night I gev warnin',
And, masth'r as he is, will discharge him this mornin'.
The thief of the world!—but it's no use balraggin';†—
All I know is, I'd fifty times rather be draggin'
Ould ladies up hill to the ind of my days,
Than with Murthagh to rowl in a chaise, at my aise,
And be forc'd to discind thro' the same dirty ways.

* "I am of your Patriarchs, I, a branch of one of your antediluvian families,—fellows that the Flood could not wash away."—*Congreve, Love for Love.*

† To *balrag* is to abuse, Mr. Lover makes it *ballyrag*, and he is high authority: but if I remember rightly, Curran in his national stories, used to employ the word as above.—See Lover's most amusing and genuinely Irish work, the "Legends and Stories of Ireland."

Arrah, sure, if I'd heerd where he last show'd his phyz,
I'd have known what a quare sort of monsther he is;
For, by gor, 't was at Exether Change, sure enough,
That himself and his other wild Irish showed off;
And it 's pity, so 't is, that they had n't got no man
Who knew the wild crathurs to act as their showman,—
Sayin' "Ladies and Gintlemen, plaze to take notice,
How shlim and how shleek this black animal's coat is;
All by raison, we're towld, that the nathur o' th' baste
Is to change its coat *once* in its life-time, *at laste;*
And such objiks, in *our* counthry, not bein' common ones,
Are *bought up*, as this was, by way of Fine Nomenons.
In regard of its *name*,—why, in throth, I 'm consarn'd
To differ on this point so much with the Larn'd,
Who call it a '*Morthimer*,' whereas the craythur
Is plainly a 'Murthagh,' by name and by nathur."

This is how I 'd have towld them the rights of it all,
Had *I* been their showman at Exeţher Hall,—
Not forgettin' that other great wondher of Airin,
(Of th' owld bitther breed which they call Prosbetairin,)
The famed Daddy C—ke— who, by gor, I 'd have shown 'em
As proof how such bastes may be tamed, when you 've thrown 'em
A good frindly sop of the rale *Raigin Donem.**

But, throth, I've no laisure just now, Judy dear,
For any thing, barrin' our own doings here,
And the cursin' and dammin' and thund'rin', like mad,
We Papists, God help us, from Murthagh have had.

* Larry evidently means the *Regium Donum*;—a sum contributed by the government annually to the support of the Presbyterian churches in Ireland.

He says we're all murtherers—div'l a bit less,—
And that even our priests, when we go to confess,
Give us lessons in murth'ring and wish us success!

When ax'd how he daar'd, by tongue or by pen,
To belie, in this way, seven millions of men,
Faith, he said 't was all towld him by Docthor Den!*
"And who the div'l 's *he?*" was the question that flew
From Chrishtian to Chrishtian—but not a sowl knew.
While on went Murthagh, in iligant style,
Blasphaming us Cath'lics all the while,
As a pack of desaivers, parjurers, villians,
All the whole kit of th' aforesaid millions,†—

* Correctly, Dens,—Larry not being very particular in his nomenclature.

† "The deeds of darkness which are reduced to horrid practice over the drunken debauch of the midnight assassin, are debated, in principle, in the sober morning religious conferences of the priests."—*Speech of the Rev. Mr. M'Ghee.* "The character of the Irish people *generally* is, that they are given to lying and to acts of theft."—*Speech of the Rev. Tresham Dally*

Yourself, dear Judy, as well as the rest,
And the innocent craythur that's at your breast,
All rogues together, in word and deed,
Owld Den our insthructor and Sin our creed!

When axed for his proofs again and again,
Div'l an answer he'd give but Docthor Den.
Couldn't he call into coort some *livin'* men?
"No, thank you"—he'd stick to Docthor Den,—
An ould gintleman dead a century or two,
Who all about *us*, live Cath'lics, knew;
And of coorse was more handy, to call in a hurry,
Than Docthor Mac Hale or Docthor Murray!

But, throth, it's no case to be jokin' upon,
Though myself, from bad habits, is *makin'* it one.
Even *you*, had you witness'd his grand climactherics,
Which actially threw one owld maid in hysterics,—
Or, och! had you heerd such a purty remark as his,
That Papists are only "*Humanity's carcasses*,

Ris'n"—but, by dad, I'm afeard I can't give it ye,—
"*Ris'n from the sepulchre of—inactivity;*
And, like owld corpses, dug up from antikity,
Wandrin' about in all sorts of inikity!!" *—
Even you, Judy, true as you are to th' Owld Light,
Would have laugh'd, out and out, at this iligant flight
Of that figure of speech called the Blatherumskite.
As for me, though a funny thought now and then
came to me,
Rage got the betther at last,—and small blame
to me!
So, slapping my thigh, "by the Powers of Delf,"
Says I bowldly "I'll make a noration myself."

* But she (Popery) is no longer *the tenant of the sepulchre of inactivity*. She has come from the burial-place, walking forth a monster, as if the spirit of evil had corrupted *the carcass of her departed humanity;* noxious and noisome, an object of abhorrence and dismay to all who are not *leagued with her in iniquity*."—Report of the Rev. Gentleman's Speech, June 20th, in the Record Newspaper.

We may well ask, after reading this and other such Reverend ravings, "Quis dubitat quin omne sit hoc rationis egestas?"

And with that up I jumps,—but, my darlint, the minit
I cocked up my head, div'l a sinse remained in it.
Though, *saited*, I could have got beautiful on,
When I tuk to my legs, faith, the gab was all gone:—
Which was odd for us, Pats, who, whate'er we've a hand in,
At laste in our *legs* shew good sthrong undherstandin'.

Howsumdever, detarmin'd the chaps should parsaive
What I thought of their doin's, before I tuk lave,
"In regard of all that," says I—there I stopp'd short—
Sorra a word more would come, though I shtruggled hard for 't.
So, shnapping my fingers at what 's call'd the Chair,
And the owld Lord (or Lady, I b'lieve) that sat there,—
"In regard of all that," says I bowldly again,—
"To owld Nick I pitch Mortimer—*and* Docthor Den;—"
Upon which the whole company cried out "Amen;"

And myself was in hopes 't was to what *I* had said,
But, by gor, no such thing,—they were not so well bred:
For, 't was all to a pray'r Murthagh just had read out,
By way of fit finish to job so devout;
That is,—*afther* well damning one half the community,
To pray God to keep all in pace an' in unity!

This is all I can shtuff in this letther, though plinty
Of news, faith, I 've got to fill more—if 't was twinty.
But I 'll add, on the *outside*, a line, should I need it,
(Writin' " Private " upon it, that no one may read it,)
To tell you how *Mortimer* (as the Saints chrishten him)
Bears the big shame of his sarvant's dismisshin' him.

(*Private outside.*)

Just come from his Riv'rence—the job is all done—
By the powers, I've discharg'd him as sure as a gun!

And now, Judy dear, what on earth I 'm to do
With myself and my appetite,—both good as new,—
Without ev'n a single traneen in my pocket,
Let alone a good, dacent pound-starlin', to stock it—
Is a mysht'ry I lave to the One that's above,
Who takes care of us, dissolute sowls, when hard dhrove!

LETTER X.

FROM THE REV. MORTIMER O'MULLIGAN, TO THE REV. ——.

THESE few brief lines, my reverend friend,
By a safe, private hand I send,
(Fearing lest some low Catholic wag
Should pry into the Letter-bag),
To tell you, far as pen can dare,
How we, poor errant martyrs, fare;—
Martyrs, not quite to fire and rack,
As Saints were, some few ages back,
But,—scarce less trying, in its way,—
To laughter, wheresoe'er we stray;
To jokes, which Providence mysterious
Permits on men and things so serious,
Lowering the Church still more each minute,
And—injuring our preferment in it.

Just think, how wearing out, my friend,
To have, where'er our footsteps bend,
Small jokes, like squibs, around us whizzing;
And bear th' eternal torturing play
Of that great engine of our day,
Unknown to th' Inquisition,—quizzing!

Your men of thumb-screws and of racks
Aimed at the *body* their attacks;
But modern torturers, more refined,
Work *their* machinery on the *mind.*
Had St. Sebastian had the luck
With me to be a godly rover,
Instead of arrows, he 'd be stuck
With stings of ridicule all over;
And poor St. Lawrence, who was killed
By being on a gridir'n grill'd,
Had he but shared *my* errant lot,
Instead of grill on gridir'n hot,
A *moral* roasting would have got.

Nor should I, trying as all this is,
Much heed the suffering or the shame,—
As, like an actor, *used* to hisses,
I long have known no other fame,
But that (as I may own to *you*,
Though to the *world* it would not do),
No hope appears of fortune's beams
Shining on *any* of my schemes;
No chance of something more *per ann.*
As supplement to K—llym—n;
No prospect that, by fierce abuse
Of Ireland, I shall e'er induce
The rulers of this thinking nation
To rid us of Emancipation;
To forge anew the sever'd chain,
And bring back Penal Laws again.

Ah happy time! when wolves and priests
Alike were hunted, as wild beasts;

And five pounds was the price, *per* head,
For bagging *either*, live or dead ;*—
Though oft, we 're told, *one* outlaw'd brother
Sav'd cost, by eating up *the other*.
Wise state of things ! when sons were brib'd
With their sires' wealth ; and *one* profest
Conformist, of a race proscrib'd,
Had power to beggar all the rest !†

* " Among other amiable enactments against the Catholics at this period (1649), the price of five pounds was set on the head of a Romish priest,—being exactly the same sum offered by the same legislators for the head of a wolf."

Memoirs of Captain Rock, book i. chap. 10.

† " By the laws now in force in this kingdom, a son, however undutiful and profligate, shall not merely by the merit of conforming to the established religion, deprive the Roman Catholic father of the free and full possession of his estate, the power to mortgage, &c. &c., but shall himself have full liberty immediately to mortgage, or otherwise alienate the reversion of that estate from his family for ever."

Address presented by the Catholics in 1775.

Then, then, indeed, good converts brought
A price that set all shame at nought,
Nay, made it glory to be bought.
Ah, how unlike the paltry pay,
We fetch in this degenerate day!
A poor small rectory, all our lot,—
If zealous, laughed at, and, if not,
Scor'd off as "paid for," and forgot!

Yes, all 's now o'er—I see too plain
Those good times ne'er can come again.
Our very progress here betrays
That we are fall'n on thankless days.
So dull are thought our "yarns" devout,
Not Kenyon's self can sit them out;*

* Lord Kenyon—"A previous engagement renders it necessary for me to depart at four o'clock;—that hour has now arrived, and I must *leave*. I would therefore suggest to the meeting that my noble friend Lord Mandeville do take the chair." The motion that Lord Mandeville should take the chair was agreed to; but it appeared that the noble Viscount had left the platform a short time before. Lord Kenyon then said, "I am informed that my friend Lord Mandeville has left

Nor ev'n that Saint, Lord Mandeville,
Gulp down such endless length of pill.
So that, at last,—so dire our pinch,
When thus all decent chairmen flinch,—
We're forc'd to take to Mr. F—nch!
Then, too, they tell us, with what zeal
All England throbs to our appeal:—
But, why (if th' interest so intense is)
Why don't they pay the room's expenses?*

the platform, I will therefore move that Mr. Finch do take the chair."—*Report of the Proceedings, June 20th, in the Record Newspaper.*

* Several touching appeals have been made to the public on this point, and Lord Kenyon, at the close of the second day's proceedings, said "I hope the meeting will permit me to remind them, that very considerable expense has been incurred by the deputation and the committee. There will be a collection made at the door, in order to defray those expenses; and I trust that those who are able will contribute liberally." From the following complaint, however, in the Record (July 9th) it appears that the noble Lord's appeal was unavailing. "We have to remark that the contributions at the doors at the last meeting at Exeter Hall by no means defrayed the expenses, which are somewhat heavy (40*l.* is charged for the room alone), and we may be excused for requesting our readers to exercise a little more liberality at the approaching meeting on Saturday."

When Kenyon begg'd, in our behalf,
He rais'd—*not* money, but a laugh!

'T is true, they flock to' us, as a show,—
As men dug up (dead long ago)
A sort of strolling Corpse and Co.
(Like those old carcasses that lately
I set upon their legs so stately)
All Doctor Den's contemporaries,
And quoting still his dead vagaries,
'Mong living, thinking men, who stare
To see such resurrections there,
And hear a dead, dull Doctor's thought
As witness of live feelings brought!
While ev'n the Church, in whose defence
We've drawn the oratoric blade,
Dreads the uplifted eloquence,
And shudders at such perilous aid,—
"Foes I can brave," she shrinking cries,
"But save me from my dear Allies."

Finding thus all those schemes and hopes
I built upon my flowers and tropes
All scatter'd, one by one, away,
As flashy and unsound as they,
The question comes— what's to be done?
And there's but one course left me,—*one*.
Heroes, when tired of war's alarms,
Seek sweet repose in Beauty's arms.
The weary Day-God's last retreat is
The breast of silv'ry-footed Thetis;
And mine, as mighty Love's my judge,
Shall be the arms of rich Miss Fudge!

Start not, my friend,—the tender scheme,
Wild and romantic though it seem,
Beyond a parson's fondest dream,
Yet shines, too, with those golden dyes,
So pleasing to a parson's eyes,—
That only *gilding* which the Muse
Cannot around *her* sons diffuse;—

Which, whencesoever flows its bliss,
From wealthy Miss or benefice,
To Mortimer indiff'rent is,
So he can only make it *his*.

There is but one slight damp I see
Upon this scheme's felicity,
And that is, the fair heroine's claim
That I shall take *her* family name.
To this (though it may look henpeck'd),
I can't quite decently object,
Having myself long chos'n to shine
Conspicuous in the *alias** line;

* In the first edition of his Dictionary, Doctor Johnson very significantly exemplified the meaning of the word "alias" by the instance of Mallet, the poet, who had exchanged for this more refined name his original Scotch patronymic, Malloch. "What *other* proofs he gave (says Johnson) of disrespect to his native country, I know not; but it was remarked of him that he was the only Scot whom Scotchmen did not commend."
Life of Mallet.

So that henceforth, by wife's decree,
(For Biddy from this point won't budge)
Your old friend's new address must be
The *Rev. Mortimer O'Fudge*,—
The " O " being kept, that all may see
We 're *both* of ancient family.

Such, friend, nor need the fact amaze you,
My public life's calm Euthanasia.
Thus bid I long farewell to all
The freaks of Exeter's old Hall,—
Freaks, in grimace, its apes exceeding,
And rivalling its bears, in breeding.
Farewell, the platform fill'd with preachers,—
The pray'r giv'n out, as grace,* by speechers,
Ere they cut up their fellow-creatures :—
Farewell to dead old Dens's volumes,
And, scarce less dead, old Standard's columns :—

* " I think I am acting in unison with the feelings of a Meeting assembled for this *solemn* object, when I call on the Rev. Doctor Holloway to open it by prayer."—*Speech of Lord Kenyon.*

From each and all I now retire,
My task, henceforth, as spouse and sire,
To bring up little filial Fudges,
To be M. P's, and Peers, and Judges,—
Parsons I'd add, too, if alas!
There yet were hope the Church could pass
The gulf now oped for her's and her,
Or long survive what *Exeter*,—
Both Hall and Bishop, of that name,—
Have done to sink her reverend fame.

Adieu, dear friend,—you'll oft hear *from* me,
Now I'm no more a travelling drudge;
Meanwhile I sign (that you may judge
How well the surname will become me)
Yours truly,

MORTIMER O'FUDGE.

LETTER XI.

FROM PATRICK MAGAN, ESQ., TO THE REV. RICHARD ———.

———, *Ireland.*

Dear Dick—just arrived at my own humble *gîte*,
I inclose you, post-haste, the account, all complete,
Just arriv'd, *per* express, of our late noble feat.

[*Extract from the "County Gazette."*]

"This place is getting gay and full again.

* * * *

Last week was married, 'in the Lord,'
The Reverend Mortimer O'Mulligan,
Preacher, in *Irish*, of the Word,

52788

(He, who the Lord's force lately led on,—
Exeter Hall his Ar*magh*-geddon)*
To Miss B. Fudge, of Pisgah Place,
One of the chos'n, as 'heir of grace,'
And likewise heiress of Phil. Fudge,
Esquire, defunct, of Orange Lodge."

"Same evening, Miss F. Fudge, 'tis hinted,—
Niece of th' above, (whose 'Sylvan Lyre,'
In our Gazette, last week, we printed,)
Eloped with Pat. Magan, Esquire.
The fugitives were tracked, some time,
After they'd left the Aunt's abode,
By scraps of paper, scrawl'd with rhyme,
Found strew'd along the Western road;—
Some of them, *ci-devant* curl-papers,
Others, half burnt in lighting tapers.

* The rectory which the Rev. gentleman holds is situated in the county of *Armagh!*—a most remarkable coincidence,—and well worthy of the attention of certain expounders of the Apocalypse.

This clue, however, to their flight,
After some miles was seen no more ;
And, from inquiries made last night,
We find they've reach'd the Irish shore."

Every word of it true, Dick,—th' escape from Aunt's thrall,—
Western road,—lyric fragments,—curl-papers and all.
My sole stipulation, ere link'd at the shrine,
(As some balance between Fanny's *numbers* and mine,)
Was that, when we were *one*, she must give up the *Nine;*
Nay, devote to the Gods her whole stock of MS.
With a vow never more against prose to transgress.
This she did, like a heroine;—smack went to bits
The whole produce sublime of her dear little wits,—
Sonnets, elegies, epigrams, odes, canzonets,—
Some twisted up neatly, to form *allumettes*,
Some turn'd into *papillotes*, worthy to rise
And enwreathe Berenice's bright locks in the skies!

While the rest, honest Larry (who 's now in *my* pay,)
Begg'd, as "lover of *po'thry*," to read on the way.

Having thus of life's *poetry* dared to dispose,
How we now, Dick, shall manage to get through its
prose,
With such slender materials for *style*, Heaven knows!
But—I'm call'd off abruptly—*another* Express!
What the deuce can it mean?—I'm alarm'd, I confess.

P.S.

Hurra, Dick, hurra, Dick, ten thousand hurras!
I'm a happy, rich dog to the end of my days.
There,—read the good news,—and while glad, for *my*
sake,
That Wealth should thus follow in Love's shining
wake,
Admire also the *moral*,—that he, the sly elf,
Who has fudg'd all the world, should be now fudg'd
himself!

EXTRACT FROM LETTER INCLOSED.

"With pain the mournful news I write,
Miss Fudge's uncle died last night;
And much to mine and friends' surprise,
By will doth all his wealth devise,—
Lands, dwellings,—rectories likewise,—
To his "belov'd grand-niece," Miss Fanny,
Leaving Miss Fudge herself, who many
Long years hath waited,—not a penny!
Have notified the same to latter,
And wait instructions in the matter.
For self and partners, &c. &c."

TRIFLES, REPRINTED.

[The Author avails himself of the opportunity which this publication affords, to form a collection of all such trifles as he has, from time to time, published, since the appearance of his last miscellaneous volume,—entitled, "Odes upon Cash, Corn, Catholics, &c." In that volume, and in the following pages, are to be found, with but very few exceptions, all the delinquencies, in this way, for which his pen is answerable].

SONG OF THE DEPARTING SPIRIT OF TITHE.

" The parting genius is with sighing sent."—*Milton.*

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er;
I hear a Voice, from shore to shore,
From Dunfanaghy to Baltimore,
And it saith, in sad, parsonic tone,
" Great Tithe,—and Small,—are dead and gone! "

Even now, I behold your vanishing wings,
Ye Tenths of all conceivable things
Which Adam first, as Doctors deem,
Saw, in a sort of night-mare dream,*
After the feast of fruit abhorr'd,—
First indigestion on record!—
Ye decimate ducks, ye chosen chicks,
Ye pigs which, though ye be Catholics,
Or of Calvin's most select depraved,
In the Church must have your bacon saved;—

* A reverend prebendary of Hereford, in an Essay on the Revenues of the Church of England, has assigned the origin of Tithes to " some unrecorded revelation made to Adam."

Ye fields, where Labour counts his sheaves,
And, whatsoever *himself* believes,
Must bow to th' Established *Church* belief,
That the tenth is always a *Protestant* sheaf;—
Ye calves, of which the man of Heaven
Takes *Irish* tithe, one calf in seven;*
Ye tenths of rape, hemp, barley, flax,
Eggs,† timber, milk, fish, and bees' wax;
All things, in short, nce earth's creation,
Doom'd, by the Church's dispensation,
To suffer eternal decimation,—
Leaving the whole *lay*-world, since then,
Reduced to nine parts out of ten;
Or,—as we calculate thefts and arsons,—
Just *ten per cent.* the worse for Parsons!

Alas, and is all this wise device
For the saving of souls thus gone in a trice?—
The whole put down, in the simplest way,
By the souls resolving *not* to pay!

* "The tenth calf is due to the parson of common right; and if there are seven, he shall have one."—*Rees's Cyclopædia, Art. "Tithes."*

† Chaucer's Plowman complains of the parish rectors, that

"For the tithing of a duck,
Or an apple, or an aye (egg),
They make him swear upon a boke;
Thus they foulen Christ's fay."

And even the Papists, thankless race,
Who have had so much the easiest case,—
To *pay for* our sermons doom'd, 'tis true,
But not condemned to *hear them*, too,—
(Our holy business being, 'tis known,
With the ears of their barley, not their own),
Even *they* object to let us pillage,
By right divine, their tenth of tillage,
And, horror of horrors, even decline
To find us in sacramental wine!*

It is o'er, it is o'er, my reign is o'er,
Ah, never shall rosy Rector more,
Like the shepherds of Israel, idly eat,
And make of his flock "a prey and meat."†
No more shall be his the pastoral sport
Of suing his flock in the Bishop's Court,
Through various steps, Citation, Libel,—
Scriptures all, but *not* the Bible;
Working the law's whole apparatus,
To get at a few pre-doomed potatoes,
And summoning all the powers of wig,
To settle the fraction of a pig!—

* Among the specimens laid before Parliament of the sort of Church rates levied upon Catholics in Ireland, was a charge of two pipes of port for sacramental wine.

† Ezekiel xxxiv. 8.—"Neither shall the shepherds feed themselves any more; for I will deliver my flock from their mouth, that they may not be meat for them."—V. 10.

Till, parson and all committed deep
In the case of "Shepherds *versus* Sheep,"
The Law usurps the Gospel's place,
And, on Sundays, meeting face to face,
While Plaintiff fills the preacher's station,
Defendants form the congregation.

So lives he, Mammon's priest, not Heaven's,
For *tenths* thus all at *sixes* and *sevens*,
Seeking what parsons love no less
Than tragic poets—a good *distress*.
Instead of studying St. Augustin,
Gregory Nyss., or old St. Justin,
(Books fit only to hoard dust in,)
His reverence stints his evening readings
To learn'd Reports of Tithe Proceedings,
Sipping, the while, that port so ruddy,
Which forms his only *ancient* study;—
Port so old, you'd swear its tartar
Was of the age of Justin Martyr,
And, had the Saint sipp'd such, no doubt
His martyrdom would have been—to gout.

Is all then lost?—alas, too true,—
Ye Tenths beloved, adieu, adieu!
My reign is o'er, my reign is o'er,—
Like old Thumb's ghost, "I can no more."

THE EUTHANASIA OF VAN.

"We are told that the bigots are growing old and fast wearing out. If it be so, why not let us die in peace?"

Lord Bexley's Letter to the Freeholders of Kent.

Stop, Intellect, in mercy stop,
Ye curst improvements, cease;
And let poor Nick V—ns—tt—t drop
Into his grave in peace.

Hide, Knowledge, hide thy rising sun,
Young Freedom, veil thy head;
Let nothing good be thought or done,
Till Nick V—ns—tt—t's dead!

Take pity on a dotard's fears,
Who much doth light detest;
And let his last few drivelling years
Be dark as were the rest.

You, too, ye fleeting one-pound notes,
Speed not so fast away—
Ye rags, on which old Nicky gloats,
A few months longer stay.*

* Perituræ parcere chartæ.

Together soon, or much I err,
You *both* from life may go,—
The notes unto the scavenger,
And Nick—to Nick below.

Ye Liberals, whate'er your plan,
Be all reforms suspended;
In compliment to dear old Van,
Let nothing bad be mended.

Ye Papists, whom oppression wrings,
Your cry politely cease,
And fret your hearts to fiddle strings
That Van may die in peace.

So shall he win a fame sublime
By few old rag-men gain'd;
Since all shall own, in Nicky's time,
Nor sense, nor justice reign'd.

So shall his name through ages past,
And dolts ungotten yet,
Date from "the days of Nicholas,"
With fond and sad regret;—

And sighing, say, "alas, had he
Been spared from Pluto's bowers,
The blessed reign of Bigotry
And Rags might still be ours!"

TO THE REVEREND ———.

ONE OF THE SIXTEEN REQUISITIONISTS OF NOTTINGHAM.

WHAT, *you*, too, my * * * * * * in hashes so knowing,
Of sauces and soups Aristarchus profest!
Are *you*, too, my savoury Brunswicker, going
To make an old fool of yourself with the rest?

Far better to stick to your kitchen receipts;
And if *something* to tease you must have, for variety,
Go study how Ude, in his "Cookery," treats
Live eels, when he wants them for polish'd society.

Just snuggling them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,
He leaves them to wriggle and writhe on the coals,*
In a manner that H—r—r himself would admire,
And wish, 'stead of *eels*, they were Catholic souls.

Ude tells us, the fish little suffering feels;
While Papists, of late, have more sensitive grown;
So, take my advice, try your hand at live eels,
And, for *once*, let the other poor devils alone.

* The only way, Monsieur Ude assures us, to get rid of the oil so objectionable in this fish.

I have ev'n a still better receipt for your cook,—
How to make a goose die of confirm'd *hepatitis*;*
And, if you'll, for once, *fellow*-feelings o'erlook,
A well-tortur'd goose a most capital sight is.

First, catch him, alive,—make a good steady fire,—
Set your victim before it, both legs being tied,
(As,—if left to himself,—he *might* wish to retire),
And place a large bowl of rich cream by his side.

There roasting by inches, dry, fever'd, and faint,
Having drunk all the cream, you so civilly laid, off,
He dies of as charming a liver complaint
As ever sleek parson could wish a pie made of.

Besides, only think, my dear one of Sixteen,
What an emblem this bird, for the epicure's use meant,
Presents of the mode in which Ireland has been
Made a tid-bit for yours and your brethren's amusement:

Tied down to the stake, while her limbs, as they quiver,
A slow fire of tyranny wastes by degrees,—
No wonder disease should have swell'd up her liver,
No wonder you, Gourmands, should love her disease.

* A liver complaint. The process by which the livers of geese are enlarged for the famous *Patés de foie d'oie*.

IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

According to some learn'd opinions,
The Irish once were Carthaginians;
But, trusting to more late descriptions,
I 'd rather say they were Egyptians.
My reason's this:—the Priests of Isis,
When forth they marched in long array,
Employed, 'mong other grave devices,
A Sacred Ass to lead the way;*
And still the antiquarian traces
'Mong Irish Lords this Pagan plan,
For still, in all religious cases,
They put Lord R—d—n in the van.

* To this practice the ancient adage alludes, "Asinus portans mysteria."

A CURIOUS FACT.

THE present Lord K—ny—n (the Peer who writes letters,
For which the waste-paper folks much are his debtors)
Hath one little oddity, well worth reciting,
Which puzzleth observers, even more than his writing.
Whenever Lord K—ny—n doth chance to behold
A cold Apple-pie—mind, the pie *must* be cold—
His Lordship looks solemn (few people know why),
And he makes a low bow to the said apple-pie.
This idolatrous act, in so "vital" a Peer,
Is, by most serious Protestants, thought rather queer,—
Pie-worship, they hold, coming under the head
(*Vide Crustium, chap. iv.*) of the Worship of Bread.
Some think 't is a tribute, as author, he owes
For the service that pie-crust hath done to his prose;—
The only good things in his pages, they swear,
Being those that the pastry-cook sometimes puts there.
Others say, 't is a homage, through pie-crust conveyed,
To our Glorious Deliverer's much-honoured shade;
As that Protestant Hero (or Saint, if you please)
Was as fond of cold pie as he was of green peas,*

* See the anecdote, which the Duchess of Marlborough relates in her Memoirs, of this polite hero appropriating to

And 't is solely in loyal remembrance of that,
My Lord K—ny—n to apple-pie takes off his hat.
While others account for this kind salutation
By what Tony Lumpkin calls "concatenation"—
A certain good-will that, from sympathy's ties,
'T wixt old *Apple*-women and *Orange*-men lies.

But 't is needless to add, these are all vague surmises,
For thus, we 're assured, the whole matter arises:
Lord K—ny—n's respected old father (like many
Respected old fathers) was fond of a penny;
And loved so to save,* that—there 's not the least question—
His death was brought on by a bad indigestion,
From cold apple-pie-crust his Lordship *would* stuff in,
At breakfast, to save the expense of hot muffin.
Hence it is, and hence only, that cold apple-pies
Are beheld by his Heir with such reverent eyes—
Just as honest King Stephen his beaver might doff
To the fishes that carried his kind uncle off,—
And while *filial* piety urges so many on,
'Tis pure *apple*-pie-ety moves my Lord K—ny—n.

himself one day, at dinner, a whole dish of green peas,—the first of the season,—while the poor Princess Anne, who was then in a longing condition, sat by, vainly entreating with her eyes, for a share.

* The same prudent propensity characterizes his descendant, who (as is well known) would not even go to the expense of a dipthong on his father's monument, but had the inscription spelled, economically, thus:—"*Mors janua vita.*"

NEW-FASHIONED ECHOES.

Sir,

Most of your readers are, no doubt, acquainted with the anecdote told of a certain, not over-wise, judge, who, when in the act of delivering a charge in some country court-house, was interrupted by the braying of an ass at the door. "What noise is that?" asked the angry judge. "Only an extraordinary *echo* there is in court, my Lord," answered one of the counsel.

As there are a number of such "extraordinary echoes," abroad just now, you will not, perhaps, be unwilling, Mr. Editor, to receive the following few lines suggested by them.

Yours, &c.,

S.

Huc coeamus,* ait; nullique libentius unquam
Responsura sono, Coeamus, retulit echo.—*Ovid.*

There are echoes, we know, of all sorts,
From the echo, that "dies in the dale,"
To the "airy-tongued babbler," that sports
Up the tide of the torrent her "tale."

* "Let us form Clubs."

There are echoes that bore us, like Blues,
With the latest smart *mot* they have heard;
There are echoes, extremely like shrews,
Letting—nobody have the last word.

In the bogs of old Paddy-land, too,
Certain "talented" echoes* there dwell,
Who, on being asked "How do you do?"
Politely reply, "Pretty well."

But why should I talk any more
Of such old-fashioned echoes as these,
When Britain has new ones in store,
That transcend them by many degrees?

For, of all repercussions of sound,
Concerning which bards make a pother,
There's none like that happy rebound
When one blockhead echoes another;—

When K—ny—it commences the bray,
And the Borough-Duke follows his track,
While loudly from Dublin's sweet bay,
R—thd—ne brays, with interest, back!

And while, of *most* echoes the sound
On our ear by reflection doth fall,
These Brunswickers pass the bray round,
Without any reflection at all.

* Commonly called "Paddy Blake's Echoes."

Oh Scott, were I gifted like you,
Who can name all the echoes there are
From Benvoirlich to bold Ben-venue,
From Benledi to wild Uamvar;

I might track, through each hard Irish name,
The rebounds of this asinine strain,
Till from Neddy to Neddy, it came
To the *chief* Neddy K—ny—n, again;

Might tell how it roared in R—thd—ne,
How from D—ws—n it died off genteelly,—
How hollow it rung from the crown
Of the fat-pated Marquis of E—y;

How, on hearing my Lord of G——e,
Thistle-eaters, the stoutest, gave way,
Outdone, in their own special line,
By the forty-ass power of his bray!

But, no,—for so humble a bard
'T is a subject too trying to touch on;
Such noblemen's names are too hard,
And their noddles too soft to dwell much on.

Oh Echo, sweet nymph of the hill,
Of the dell, and the deep sounding shelves;
If, in spite of Narcissus, you still
Take to fools who are charmed with themselves,

Who knows but, some morning retiring
To walk by the Trent's wooded side,
You may meet with N—wc—stle, admiring
His own lengthened ears in the tide!

Or on into Cambria straying,
Find K—ny—n, that double tongued elf,
In his love of *ass*-cendency, braying
A Brunswick duet with himself!

INCANTATION.

FROM THE NEW TRAGEDY OF "THE BRUNSWICKERS."

SCENE.—*Penenden Plain. In the middle, a caldron boiling. Thunder.—Enter three Brunswickers.*

1*st. Bruns.*—Thrice hath scribbling K—ny—n scrawled,
2*d. Bruns.*—Once hath fool N—wc—stle bawled,
3*d. Bruns.*—B—xl—y snores:—'t is time, 't is time,
1*st. Bruns.*—Round about the caldron go;
In the pois'nous nonsense throw.
Bigot spite, that long hath grown,
Like a toad within a stone,
Sweltering in the heart of S—tt,
Boil we in the Brunswick pot.

All.—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
Eld—n, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.
2*d. Bruns.*—Slaver from N—wc—stle's quill
In the noisome mess distil,
Brimming high our Brunswick broth
Both with venom and with froth.
Mix the brains (though apt to hash ill,
Being scant) of Lord M—ntc—shel,
With that malty stuff which C——s
Drivels as no other man does.
Catch (*i. e.* if catch you can)
One idea, spick and span,
From my Lord of S——y,
One idea though it be
Smaller than the "happy flea,"
Which his sire, in sonnet terse,
Wedded to immortal verse.*

* Alluding to a well-known lyric composition of the late Marquis, which, with a slight alteration, might be addressed either to a flea or a fly. For instance:

"Oh, happy, happy, happy fly,
If I were you, or you were I."
Or,
Oh, happy, happy, happy flea,
If I were you, or you were *me;*
But since, alas! that cannot be,
I must remain Lord S——y.

Though to rob the son of his sin,
Put his *one* idea in;
And, to keep it company,
Let that conjuror W—nch—ls—a
Drop but *half* another there,
If he hath so much to spare.
Dreams of murders and of arsons,
Hatched in heads of Irish parsons,
Bring from every hole and corner,
Where ferocious priests, like H—n—r,
Purely for religious good,
Cry aloud for Papist's blood,—
Blood for W—lls, and such old women,
At their ease to wade and swim in.

All.—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
B—xl—y, talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.

3d. Bruns.—Now the charm begin to brew;
Sisters, sisters, add thereto
Scraps of L—thbr—dge's old speeches,
Mixed with leather from his breeches.
Rinsings of old B—xl—y's brains,
Thicken'd (if you 'll take the pains)
With that pulp which rags create,
In their middle, *nympha* state,
Ere, like insects frail and sunny,
Forth they wing abroad as money.
There—the Hell-broth we've enchanted—
Now but *one* thing more is wanted.

Squeeze o'er all that Orange juice,
— — — keeps corked for use,
Which, to work the better spell, is
Coloured deep with blood of ——,
Blood, of powers far more various,
Ev'n than that of Januarius,
Since so great a charm hangs o'er it,
England's parsons bow before it!
All.—Dribble, dribble, nonsense dribble,
B—xl—y talk, and K—ny—n, scribble.
2*d. Bruns.*—Cool it now with ——'s blood,
So the charm is firm and good. [*Exeunt.*

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD POLITICIAN.

"Whene'er you're in doubt, said a Sage I once knew,
'Twixt two lines of conduct *which* course to pursue,
Ask a woman's advice, and, whate'er she advise,
Do the very reverse, and you're sure to be wise.

Of the same use as guides, are the Brunswicker throng;
In their thoughts, words, and deeds, so instinctively wrong,
That, whatever they counsel, act, talk, or indite,
Take the opposite course, and you're sure to be right.

So golden this rule, that, had nature denied you
The use of that finger-post, Reason, to guide you,—
Were you even more doltish than any giv'n man is,
More soft than N—wc—stle, more twaddling than Van is,
I'd stake my repute, on the following conditions,
To make you the soundest of sound politicians.

Place yourself near the skirts of some high-flying Tory,—
Some Brunswicker parson, of port-drinking glory,—
Watch well how he dines, during any great Question,—
What makes him feed gaily, what spoils his digestion,—
And always feel sure that *his* joy o'er a stew
Portends a clear case of dyspepsia to *you*.
Read him backwards, like Hebrew—whatever he wishes,
Or praises, note down as absurd, or pernicious.
Like the folks of a weather-house, shifting about,
When he's *out*, be an *In*—when he's *in*, be an *Out*.
Keep him always revers'd in your thoughts, night and day,
Like an Irish barometer turn'd the wrong way:—
If he's *up*, you may swear that foul weather is nigh;
If he's *down*, you may look for a bit of blue sky.
Never mind what debaters or journalists say,
Only ask what *he* thinks, and then think t'other way.

Does he hate the Small-note Bill? then firmly rely
The Small-note Bill 's a blessing, though *you* don't know
why.

Is Brougham his aversion? then Harry's your man.
Does he quake at O'Connell? take doubly to Dan.
Is he all for the Turks? then, at once, take the whole
Russian Empire (Czar, Cossacks, and all) to your soul.
In short, whatsoever he talks, thinks, or is,
Be your thoughts, words, and essence the contrast of his.
Nay, as Siamese ladies—at least, the polite ones—
All paint their teeth black, 'cause the devil has white ones—
If ev'n, by the chances of time or of tide,
Your Tory, for once, should have sense on his side,
Even *then* stand aloof,—for, be sure that Old Nick,
When a Tory talks sensibly means you some trick.

Such my receipe is,—and, in one single verse,
I shall now, in conclusion, its substance rehearse.
Be all that a Brunswicker is not, nor *could* be,
And then—you'll be all that an honest man should be.

EPISTLE OF CONDOLENCE,

FROM A SLAVE-LORD, TO A COTTON-LORD.

Alas! my dear friend, what a state of affairs!
How unjustly we both are despoiled of our rights!
Not a pound of black flesh shall I leave to my heirs,
Nor must *you* any more work to death little whites.

Both forced to submit to that general controller
Of King, Lords, and cotton mills—Public Opinion,
No more shall *you* beat with a big billy-roller,
Nor *I* with the cart-whip assert my dominion.

Whereas, were we suffered to do as we please
With our Blacks and our Whites, as of yore we were let,
We might range them alternate, like harpsichord keys,
And between us thump out a good piebald duet.

But this fun is all over;—farewell to the zest
Which Slavery now lends to each tea-cup we sip;
Which makes still the cruellest coffee the best,
And that sugar the sweetest which smacks of the whip.

Farewell, too, the Factory's white picaninnies,—
Small, living machines, which, if flogg'd to their tasks,
Mix so well with their namesakes, the "Billies" and
"Jennies,"
That *which* have got souls in 'em nobody asks;--

Little Maids of the Mill, who, themselves but ill-fed,
Are oblig'd, 'mong their other benevolent cares,
To "keep feeding the scribblers,"*—and better, 'tis said,
Than old Blackwood or Fraser have ever fed theirs.

All this is now o'er, and so dismal *my* loss is,
So hard 'tis to part from the smack of the thong,
That I mean (from pure love for the old whipping process),
To take to whipt syllabub all my life long.

* One of the operations in cotton mills usually performed by children.

THE GHOST OF MILTIADES.*

Ah quoties dubius *Scrip*tis exarsit amator !—Ovid.

The Ghost of Miltiades came at night,
And he stood by the bed of the Benthamite,
And he said, in a voice that thrill'd the frame,
"If ever the sound of Marathon's name
Hath fired thy blood or flush'd thy brow,
Lover of Liberty, rouse thee now!"

The Benthamite, yawning, left his bed—
Away to the Stock Exchange he sped,
And he found the Scrip of Greece so high,
That it fired his blood, it flush'd his eye,
And oh, 't was a sight for the Ghost to see,
For never was Greek more Greek than he!
And still as the premium higher went,
His ecstasy rose—so much *per cent.*

* These verses, which appeared at a much earlier period than any of the others in this volume, were (for a reason which now no longer exists) omitted in the former collection, entitled, "Cash, Corn, and Catholics."

(As we see in a glass, that tells the weather,
The heat and the *silver* rise together),
And Liberty sung from the patriot's lip,
While a voice from his pocket whispered "Scrip!"
The Ghost of Miltiades came again;—
He smil'd, as the pale moon smiles through rain,
For his soul was glad at that patriot strain;
(And poor, dear ghost—how little he knew
The jobs and the tricks of the Philhellene crew!)
"Blessings and thanks!" was all he said,
Then, melting away, like a night-dream, fled!

The Benthamite hears—amaz'd that ghosts
Could be such fools—and away he posts,
A patriot still? Ah no, ah no—
Goddess of Freedom, thy Scrip is low,
And, warm and fond as thy lovers are,
Thou triest their passion, when under *par*.
The Benthamite's ardour fast decays,
By turns he weeps, and swears, and prays,
And wishes the d—l had Crescent and Cross,
Ere *he* had been forced to sell at a loss.
They quote him the Stock of various nations,
But, spite of his classic associations,
Lord, how he loathes the Greek *quotations!*
"Who 'll buy my Scrip? Who 'll buy my Scrip?"
Is now the theme of the patriot's lip,

As he runs to tell how hard his lot is
To Messrs. Orlando and Luriottis,
And says, "Oh Greece, for Liberty's sake,
Do buy my Scrip, and I vow to break
Those dark, unholy *bonds* of thine—
If you'll only consent to buy up *mine!*"
The Ghost of Miltiades came once more;—
His brow, like the night, was lowering o'er,
And he said, with a look that flash'd dismay,
"Of Liberty's foes the worst are they,
Who turn to a trade her cause divine,
And gamble for gold on Freedom's shrine!"
Thus saying, the Ghost, as he took his flight,
Gave a Parthian kick to the Benthamite,
Which sent him, whimpering, off to Jerry—
And vanish'd away to the Stygian ferry!

ALARMING INTELLIGENCE—REVOLUTION IN THE DICTIONARY—ONE *GALT* AT THE HEAD OF IT.

GOD preserve us!—there's nothing now safe from assault;—
Thrones toppling around, churches brought to the hammer;
And accounts have just reached us that one Mr. *Galt*
Has declared open war against English and Grammar!

He had long been suspected of some such design;
And, the better his wicked intentions t' arrive at,
Had lately 'mong C—lb—n's troops of *the line*
(The penny-a-line men), enlisted as private.

There school'd, with a rabble of words at command,
Scotch, English and slang, in promiscuous alliance,
He, at length, against Syntax has taken his stand,
And sets all the Nine Parts of Speech at defiance.

Next advices, no doubt, further facts will afford;
In the mean time the danger most imminent grows,
He has taken the Life of one eminent Lord,
And who he'll *next* murder the Lord only knows.

Wednesday Evening.

Since our last, matters, luckily, look more serene;
Tho' the rebel, 'tis stated, to aid his defection,
Has seized a great Powder—no, Puff Magazine,
And th' explosions are dreadful in every direction.

What his meaning exactly is, nobody knows,
As he talks (in a strain of intense botheration)
Of lyrical "ichor,"* "gelatinous" prose,†
And a mixture call'd amber immortalization.‡

Now, he raves of a bard he once happened to meet,
Seated high "among rattlings," and churning a sonnet;‖
Now, talks of a mystery, wrapped in a sheet,
With a halo (by way of a night-cap) upon it! §

We shudder in tracing these terrible lines;
Something bad they must mean, tho' we can't make it out;
For, whate'er may be guessed of Galt's secret designs,
That they're all *Anti*-English no Christian can doubt.

* "That dark diseased ichor which coloured his effusions."
Galt's Life of Byron.

† "That gelatinous character of their effusions."—*Id.*

‡ "The poetical embalmment, or rather, amber immortalization."—*Id.*

‖ "Sitting amidst the shrouds and rattlings, churning an inarticulate melody."—*Id.*

§ He was a mystery in a winding sheet, crowned with a halo."—*Id.*

RESOLUTIONS PASSED AT A LATE MEETING OF REVERENDS AND RIGHT REVERENDS.

Resolved,—to stick to every particle
Of every Creed and every Article,
Reforming nought, or great or little,
We 'll stanchly stand by every tittle,* "
And scorn the swallow of that soul
Which cannot boldly bolt the whole.

Resolved, that, though St. Athanasius
In damning souls is rather spacious,—
Though wide and far his curses fall,
Our Church "hath stomach for them all;"
And those who 're not content with such,
May e'en be d—d ten times as much.

Resolved,—such liberal souls are we,—
Though hating Nonconformity,
We yet believe the cash no worse is
That comes from Nonconformist purses.—

* One of the questions propounded to the Puritans in 1573 was—"Whether the Book of Service was good and godly, every tittle grounded on the Holy Scripture?" On which an honest Dissenter remarks—"Surely they had a wonderful opinion of their Service Book that there was not a *tittle* amiss in it."

Indifferent *whence* the money reaches
The pockets of our reverend breeches,
To us the Jumper's jingling penny
Chinks with a tone as sweet as any;
And ev'n our old friends Yea and Nay
May through the nose for ever pray,
If *also* through the nose they 'll pay.

Resolved, that Hooper,* Latimer,†
And Cranmer,‡ all extremely err,
In taking such a low-bred view
Of what Lords Spiritual ought to do:—
All owing to the fact, poor men,
That Mother Church was modest then,
Nor knew what golden eggs her goose,
The Public, would in time produce.
One Pisgah peep at modern Durham
To far more lordly thoughts would stir 'em.

* "They," the Bishops, "know that the primitive Church had no such Bishops. If the fourth part of the bishopric remained unto the Bishop, it were sufficient."
On the Commandments, p. 72.

† "Since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the plough standeth, there is no work done, the people starve."
Lat. Serm.

‡ "Of whom have come all these glorious titles, styles, and pomps into the Church. But I would that I, and all my brethren, the Bishops, would leave all our styles, and write the styles of our offices," &c.—*Life of Cranmer, by Strype, Appendix.*

Resolved, that when we, Spiritual Lords,
Whose income just enough affords
To keep our Spiritual Lordships cozy,
Are told, by Antiquarians prosy,
How ancient Bishops cut up theirs,
Giving the poor the largest shares,—
Our answer is, in one short word,
We think it pious, but absurd.
Those good men made the world their debtor,
But we, the Church reformed, know better;
And, taking all that all can pay,
Balance th' account the other way.

Resolved, our thanks profoundly due are
To last month's Quarterly Reviewer,
Who proves (by arguments so clear
One sees how much he holds *per* year)
That England's Church, though out of date,
Must still be left to lie in state,
As dead, as rotten, and as grand as
The mummy of King Osymandyas,
All pickled snug,—the brains drawn out,*—
Fine, costly cerements swathed about,—
And "Touch me not," those words terrific,
Scrawled o'er her in good hieroglyphic.

* Part of the process of embalmment.

SIR ANDREW'S DREAM.

" Nec tu sperne piis venientia somnia portis :
Cum pia venerunt somnia, pondus habent."
Propert., Lib. 4, Eleg. 7.

As snug, on a Sunday eve, of late,
In his easy chair Sir Andrew sate,
Being much too pious, as every one knows,
To do aught, of a Sunday eve, but doze,
He dreamt a dream, dear, holy man,
And I'll tell you his dream as well as I can.
He found himself, to his great amaze,
In Charles the First's high Tory days,
And just at the time that gravest of Courts
Had published its Book of Sunday Sports.*—

* *The Book of Sports* drawn up by Bishop Moreton, was first put forth in the reign of James I., 1618, and afterwards republished, at the advice of Laud, by Charles I., 1633, with an injunction that it should be "made public by order from the Bishops." We find it therein declared, that "for his good

Sunday Sports! what a thing for the ear
Of our Andrew, even in sleep, to hear!—
It chanced to be, too, a Sabbath day,
When the people from church were coming away;
And Andrew with horror heard this song,
As the smiling sinners flock'd along:—
"Long life to the Bishops, hurra! hurra!
For a week of work and a Sunday of play
Make the poor man's life run merry away."

"The Bishops!" quoth Andrew, "Popish, I guess,"
And he grinned with conscious holiness.
But the song went on and, to brim the cup
Of poor Andy's anguish, the fiddles struck up!

"Come, take out the lasses—let's have a dance—
For the Bishops allow us to skip our fill,
Well knowing that no one's the more in advance
On the road to heaven, for standing still.

people's recreation, His Majesty's pleasure was, that after the end of divine service they should not be disturbed, letted, or discouraged from any lawful recreations, such as dancing, either of men or women, archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any such harmless recreations, nor having of May-games, Whitsun-ales, or Morris-dances, or setting up of May-poles, or other sports therewith used," &c.

"Oh, it never was meant that grim grimaces
Should sour the cream of a creed of love;
Or that fellows with long, disastrous faces,
Alone should sit among cherubs above.
Then hurra for the Bishops, &c.

"For Sunday fun we never can fail,
When the church herself each sport points out;—
There's May-games, archery, Whitsun-ale,
And a May-pole high to dance about.
Or, if chance we be for a pole hard driven,
Some lone lank saint, of aspect fell,
With his pockets on earth, and his nose in heaven,
Will do for a May-pole just as well.
Then hurrah for the Bishops, hurra! hurra!
A week of work and a Sabbath of play
Make the poor man's life run merry away."

To Andy, who doesn't much deal in history,
This Sunday scene was a downright mystery;
And God knows where might have ended the joke,
But, in trying to stop the fiddles, he woke.
And the odd thing is (as the rumour goes)
That since that dream,—which, one would suppose,
Should have made his godly stomach rise,
Even more than ever, 'gainst Sunday pies,—
He has viewed things quite with different eyes;
Is beginning to take, on matters divine,
Like Charles and his Bishops, the *sporting* line,—

Is all for Christians jigging in pairs,
As an interlude 'twixt Sunday prayers;—
Nay, talks of getting Archbishop H—l—y
To bring in a Bill, enacting duly,
That all good Protestants, from this date,
May, freely and lawfully, recreate,
Of a Sunday eve, their spirits moody,
With Jack in the Straw, or Punch and Judy.

LOVE SONG.

TO MISS ———.

Air.—"Come live with me and be my love."

Come wed with me, and we will write,
My Blue of Blues, from morn till night.
Chased from our classic souls shall be
All thoughts of vulgar progeny;
And thou shalt walk through smiling rows
Of chubby duodecimos,
While I, to match thy products nearly,
Shall lie-in of a quarto yearly.

'T is true, ev'n books entail some trouble;
But *live* productions give one double.
Correcting children is *such* bother,—
While printers' dev'ls correct the other.
Just think, my own Malthusian dear,
How much more decent 't is to hear
From male or female,—as it may be,—
"How is your book?" than "How 's your baby?"
And, whereas physic and wet nurses
Do much exhaust paternal purses,
Our books, if rickety, may go
And be well dry-nurs'd in *the Row;*
And, when God wills to take them hence,
Are buried at *the Row's* expense.

Besides, (as 'tis well prov'd by thee,
In thy own Works, vol. 93),
The march, just now, of population
So much outstrips all moderation,
That ev'n prolific herring-shoals
Keep pace not with our erring souls. *
Oh far more proper and well-bred
To stick to writing books instead;

* See "Ella of Garveloch."—Garveloch being a place where there was a large herring-fishery, but where, as we are told by the author, "the people increased much faster than the produce."

And show the world how two Blue lovers
Can coalesce, like two book-covers,
(Sheep-skin, or calf, or such wise leather)
Letter'd at back, and stitch'd together,
Fondly as first the binder fix'd 'em,
With nought but—literature betwixt 'em.

SUNDAY ETHICS.

A SCOTCH ODE.

Puir, profligate Londoners having heard tell
That the De'il's got amang ye, and fearing 'tis true,
We ha' sent ye a mon wha's a match for his spell,
A chiel o' our ain, that the De'il himsel
Will be glad to keep clear of, one Andrew Agnew.

So, at least, ye may reckon, for ane day entire
In ilka lang week ye'll be tranquil eneugh,
As Auld Nick, do him justice, abhors a Scotch squire,
An' would sooner gae roast by his ain kitchen fire
Than pass a hale Sunday wi' Andrew Agnew.

For, bless the gude mon, gin he had his ain way,
He'd na let a cat, on the Sabbath say "mew;"
Nae birdie maun whistle, nae lambie maun play,
An' Phœbus himsel could na travel that day,
As he'd find a new Joshua in Andie Agnew.

Only hear, in your Senate, how awfu' he cries,
"Wae, wae to a' sinners who boil an' who stew!
Wae, wae to a' eaters o' Sabbath-baked pies,
For as surely again shall the crust thereof rise
In judgment against ye," saith Andrew Agnew!

Ye may think, from a' this, that our Andie's the lad
To ca' o'er the coals your nobeelity, too;
That their drives, o' a Sunday, wi' flunkies,* a' clad
Like Shawmen, behind 'em, would mak the mon mad,—
But he's nae sic a noodle, our Andie Agnew.

If Lairds an' fine Ladies, on Sunday, think right
To gang to the deevil,—as maist o' em do,—
To stop them our Andie would think na polite;
And 'tis odds (if the chiel could get ony thing by't)
But he'd follow 'em, booing,† would Andrew Agnew.

* Servants in livery.

† For the "gude effects and uteelity of booing," see the *Man of the World.*

AWFUL EVENT.

Yes, W—nch—ls—a (I tremble while I pen it),
W—nch—ls—a's Earl hath *cut* the British Senate,—
Hath said to England's Peers, in accent gruff,
"*That* for ye all," [snapping his fingers], and exit, in a huff!

Disastrous news!—like that, of old, which spread
From shore to shore, "our mighty Pan is dead,"
O'er the cross benches (cross from *being* crost)
Sounds the loud wail, "Our W—nch—ls—a is lost!"

Which of ye, Lords, that heard him, can forget
The deep impression of that awful threat,
"I quit your house!!"—'midst all that histories tell,
I know but *one* event that's parallel:—

It chanc'd at Drury Lane, one Easter night,
When the gay gods, too blest to be polite,
Gods at their ease, like those of learn'd Lucretius,
Laugh'd, whistled, groan'd, uproariously facetious,—

A well-dress'd member of the middle gallery,
Whose "ears polite" disdain'd such low canaillerie,
Rose in his place—so grand, you'd almost swear
Lord W—nch—ls—a himself stood towering there,—
And like that Lord of dignity and *nous*,
Said, "Silence, fellows, or I'll leave the house!!"

How brook'd the Gods this speech? Ah well-a-day,
That speech so fine should be so thrown away!
In vain did this mid-gallery grandee
Assert his own two-shilling dignity,—
In vain he menaced to withdraw the ray
Of his own full-price countenance away,—
Fun against Dignity is fearful odds,
And as the Lords laugh *now*, so giggled *then* the Gods!

THE NUMBERING OF THE CLERGY.

PARODY ON SIR CHARLES HAN. WILLIAMS'S FAMOUS ODE,

"*Come, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses.*"

"We want more Churches and more Clergymen."
Bishop of London's late Charge.

"Rectorum numerum, terris pereuntibus, augent."
Claudian in Eutrop.

COME, give us more Livings and Rectors,
For, richer no realm ever gave;
But why, ye unchristian objectors,
Do ye ask us how many we crave?*

Oh, there can't be too many rich Livings
For souls of the Pluralist kind,
Who, despising old Cocker's misgivings,
To numbers can ne'er be confin'd.†

---

* Come, Cloe, and give me sweet kisses,
For sweeter sure never girl gave;
But why, in the midst of my blisses,
Do you ask me how many I 'd have?

† For whilst I love thee above measure,
To numbers I 'll ne'er be confin'd.

Count the cormorants hovering about, *
At the time their fish season sets in,
When these models of keen diners-out
Are preparing their beaks to begin.

Count the rooks that, in clerical dresses,
Flock round when the harvest 's in play,
And, not minding the farmer's distresses,
Like devils in grain peck away.

Go, number the locusts in heaven,†
On their way to some titheable shore;
And when *so* many Parsons you 've given,
We still shall be craving for more.

Then, unless ye the Church would submerge, ye
Must leave us in peace to augment;
For the wretch who could number the Clergy,
With few will be ever content. ‡

---

* Count the bees that on Hybla are playing,
Count the flowers that enamel its fields,
Count the flocks, &c.

† Go number the stars in the heaven,
Count how many sands on the shore;
When so many kisses you 've given,
I still shall be craving for more.

‡ But the wretch who can number his kisses,
With few will be ever content.

A SAD CASE.

"If it be the undergraduate season at which this *rabies religiosa* is to be so fearful, what security has Mr. Goulburn against it at this moment, when his son is actually exposed to the full venom of an association with Dissenters?"

The Times, March 25.

How sad a case!—just think of it—
If G—lb—n junior should be bit
By some insane Dissenter, roaming
Through Granta's halls, at large and foaming,
And with that aspect, *ultra* crabbed,
Which marks Dissenters when they 're rabid!
God only knows what mischiefs might
Result from this one single bite,
Or how the venom, once suck'd in,
Might spread and rage through kith and kin.
Mad folks, of all denominations,
First turn upon their own relations:
So that *one* G—lb—n, fairly bit,
Might end in maddening the whole kit,
Till, ah, ye gods, we 'd have to rue
Our G—lb—n senior bitten too;
The Hychurchphobia in those veins,
Where Tory blood now redly reigns;—

And that dear man, who now perceives
Salvation only in lawn sleeves,
Might, tainted by such coarse infection,
Run mad in th' opposite direction,
And think, poor man, 't is only given
To linsey-woolsey to reach Heaven!

Just fancy what a shock 't would be
Our G—lb—n in his fits to see,
Tearing into a thousand particles
His once-loved Nine and Thirty Articles;
(Those Articles his friend, the Duke,*
For Gospel, t' other night, mistook);
Cursing cathedrals, deans, and singers,—
Wishing the ropes might hang the ringers,—
Pelting the church with blasphemies,
Even worse than Parson B—v—rl—y's;—
And ripe for severing Church and State,
Like any creedless reprobate,
Or like that class of Methodists
Prince Waterloo styles "Atheists!"

But 't is too much,—the Muse turns pale,
And o'er the picture drops a veil,
Praying, God save the G—lb—rns all
From mad Dissenters, great and small!

* The Duke of Wellington, who styled them "the Articles of Christianity."

A DREAM OF HINDOSTAN.

——— *risum* teneatis, amici.

"The longer one lives, the more one learns,"
Said I, as off to sleep I went,
Bemus'd with thinking of Tithe concerns,
And reading a book, by the Bishop of Ferns,*
On the Irish Church Establishment.
But, lo, in sleep, not long I lay,
When Fancy her usual tricks began,
And I found myself bewitch'd away
To a goodly city in Hindostan,—
A city, where he, who dares to dine
On aught but rice, is deemed a sinner;
Where sheep and kine are held divine,
And, accordingly—never drest for dinner.

"But how is this?" I wondering cried,—
As I walk'd that city, fair and wide,
And saw, in every marble street,
A row of beautiful butcher's shops,—

* An indefatigable scribbler of Anti-Catholic pamphlets.

"What means, for men who don't eat meat,
This grand display of loins and chops?"
In vain I ask'd—'t was plain to see
That nobody dared to answer me.

So, on, from street to street I strode;
And you can't conceive how vastly odd
The butchers look'd,—a roseate crew,
Inshrin'd in *stalls*, with nought to do;
While some on a *bench*, half dozing, sat,
And the Sacred Cows were not more fat.

Still posed to think, what all this scene
Of sinecure trade was *meant* to mean,
"And, pray," ask'd I—"By whom is paid
The expense of this strange masquerade?"—
"Th' expense!—oh, that 's of course defrayed
(Said one of these well-fed Hecatombers)
By yonder rascally rice-consumers."
"What! they, who never must eat ——"
"No matter—
(And, while he spoke, his cheeks grew fatter)
The rogues may munch their *Paddy* crop,
But the rogues must still support our shop.
And, depend upon it, the way to treat
Heretical stomachs that thus dissent,
Is to burden all that won't eat meat,
With a costly MEAT ESTABLISHMENT."

On hearing these words so gravely said
With a volley of laughter loud I shook;
And my slumber fled, and my dream was sped,
And I found I was lying snug in bed,
With my nose in the Bishop of FERNS' book.

PROPOSALS FOR A GYNŒCOCRACY.

ADDRESSED TO A LATE RADICAL MEETING.

——— "Quas ipsa decus sibi dia Camilla
Delegit, pacisque bonas bellique ministras."—*Virgil.*

As Whig Reform has had its range,
And none of us are yet content,
Suppose, my friends, by way of change,
We try a *Female Parliament;*
And since, of late, with *he* M. P's
We've fared so badly, take to she's,—
Petticoat patriots, flounc'd John Russells,
Burdett's in *blonde,* and Broughams in *bustles.*

The plan is startling, I confess,—
But 't is but an affair of dress;
Nor see I much there is to choose
'Twixt Ladies (so they're thorough bred ones)
In ribands of all sorts of hues,
Or Lords in only blue or red ones.

At least, the fiddlers will be winners,
Whatever other trade advances;
As then, instead of Cabinet dinners,
We'll have, at Almack's Cabinet dances;
Nor let this world's important questions
Depend on Ministers' digestions.

If Ude's receipts have done things ill,
To Weippert's band they may go better;
There's Lady * *, in one quadrille,
Would settle Europe, if you'd let her:
And who the deuce or asks, or cares,
When Whigs or Tories have undone 'em,
Whether they've *danced* through State affairs,
Or simply, dully, *dined* upon 'em?

Hurra then for the Petticoats!
To them we pledge our free-born votes;
We'll have all *she*, and only *she*,— ''
Pert blues shall act as "best debaters,".
Old dowagers our Bishops be,
And termagants our Agitators.

If Vestris to oblige the nation,
  Her own Olympus will abandon,
And help to prop th' Administration,
  It *can't* have better legs to stand on.
The famed Macaulay (Miss) shall show,
  Each evening, forth in learn'd oration;
Shall move (midst general cries of "Oh!")
  For full returns of population:
And, finally, to crown the whole,
The Princess Olive, Royal soul,
Shall from her bower in Banco Regis,
Descend, to bless her faithful lieges,
And, mid our Unions' loyal chorus,
Reign jollily for ever o'er us.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE * * *.

Sir,

Having heard some rumours respecting the strange and awful visitation under which Lord H—nl—y has for some time past been suffering, in consequence of his declared hostility to "anthems, solos, duets, &c.," I took the liberty of making inquiries at his Lordship's house this morning, and lose no time in transmitting to you such particulars as I could collect. It is said that the screams of his Lordship, under the operation of this nightly concert (which is, no doubt, some trick of the Radicals), may be heard all over the neighbourhood. The female who personates St. Cecilia is supposed to be the same that, last year, appeared in the character of Isis, at the Rotunda. How the cherubs are managed, I have not yet ascertained.

Yours, &c.,

P. P.

LORD H—NL—Y AND ST. CECILIA.

—— in Metii descendat Judicis aures.—Horat.

As snug in his bed Lord H—nl—y lay,
Revolving much his own renown,
And hoping to add thereto a ray,
By putting duets and anthems down.

Sudden a strain of choral sounds
  Mellifluous o'er his senses stole;
Whereat the Reformer muttered, "Zounds!"
  For he loathed sweet music with all his soul.

Then, starting up, he saw a sight
  That well might shock so learned a snorer,—
Saint Cecilia, robed in light,
  With a portable organ slung before her.

And round were cherubs, on rainbow wings,
  Who, his Lordship feared, might tire of flitting,
So begged they'd sit,—but ah! poor things,
  They had, none of them, got the means of sitting.*

"Having heard," said the Saint, "you're fond of hymns,
  And indeed, that musical snore betrayed you,
Myself, and my choir of Cherubims,
  Are come, for a while, to serenade you."

In vain did the horrified H—nl—y say
  "'T was all a mistake"—"she was misdirected;"
And point to a concert, over the way,
  Where fiddlers and angels were expected.

* "Asseyez-vous, mes enfans."—"Il n'y a pas de quoi, mon Seigneur."

In vain—the Saint could see in his looks
(She civilly said) much tuneful lore;
So, at once, all opened their music-books,
And herself and her Cherubs set off at score.

All night duets, terzets, quartets,
Nay, long quintets most dire to hear;
Ay, and old motets, and canzonets,
And glees, in sets, kept boring his ear.

He tried to sleep,—but it would n't do;
So loud they squalled, he *must* attend to 'em;
Though Cherubs' songs, to his cost he knew,
Were like themselves, and had no end to 'em.

Oh judgment dire on judges bold,
Who meddle with music's sacred strains!
Judge Midas tried the same of old,
And was punished, like H—nl—y, for his pains.

But worse on the modern judge, alas!
Is the sentence launched from Apollo's throne;
For Midas was given the ears of an ass,
While H—nl—y is doomed to keep his own!

THE DANCE OF BISHOPS;

OR, THE EPISCOPAL QUADRILLE.

A DREAM.

" Solemn dances were, on great festivals and celebrations, admitted among the primitive Christians, in which even the Bishops and dignified Clergy were performers. Scaliger says, that the first Bishops were called *Præsules** for no other reason than that they led off these dances."—*Cyclopædia*, Art. *Dances*.

I've had such a dream,—a frightful dream,—
Though funny, mayhap, to wags 'twill seem,
By all who regard the Church, like us,
'Twill be thought exceedingly ominous!

As reading in bed I lay last night,—
Which (being insured) is my delight,—
I happened to doze off just as I got to
The singular fact which forms my motto.
Only think, thought I, as I dozed away,
Of a party of churchmen dancing the hay!
Clerks, curates, and rectors, capering all,
With a neat-legg'd Bishop to open the ball!

* Literally, First Dancers.

Scarce had my eye-lids time to close,
When the scene I had fancied before me rose,—
An Episcopal Hop, on a scale so grand
As my dazzled eyelids could hardly stand.
For, Britain and Erin clubb'd their Sees
To make it a Dance of Dignities,
And I saw,—oh brightest of Church events!
A quadrille of the two Establishments,
Bishop to Bishop *vis-a-vis*,
Footing away prodigiously!

There was Bristol capering up to Derry,
And Cork with London making merry;
While huge Llandaff, with a See, so so,
Was to dear old Dublin pointing his toe.
There was Chester, hatch'd by woman's smile,
Performing a *chaine des Dames* in style;
While he who, whene'er the Lords' House dozes
Can waken them up by citing Moses,*
The portly Tuam, was all in a hurry
To set, *en evant*, to Canterbury.
Meantime, while pamphlets stuff'd his pockets,
(All out of date, like spent sky-rockets)

* "And what does Moses say?"—One of the ejaculations with which this eminent prelate enlivened his famous speech on the Catholic question.

Our Exeter stood forth to caper
As high on the floor as he doth on paper,—
Much like a dapper Dancing Dervise,
Who pirouettes his whole church-service,—
Performing, 'midst those reverend souls,
Such *entrechats*, such *cabrioles*,
Such *balonnés**, such—rigmaroles,
Now high, now low, now this, now that,
That none could guess what the dev'l he'd be at;
Though, watching his various steps, some thought
That a step in the Church was all he sought.

But alas, alas! while thus so gay,
These reverend dancers frisk'd away,
Nor Paul himself (not the Saint, but he
Of the Opera-house) could brisker be,
There gather'd a gloom around their glee,—
A shadow, which came and went so fast,
That ere you could say "'tis there," 'twas past,—
And, lo, when the scene again was clear'd,
Ten of the dancers had disappear'd!
Ten able-bodied quadrillers swept
From the hallow'd floor where late they stept,

A description of the method of executing this step may be useful to future performers in the same line:—"Ce pas est composé de deux mouvemens différens, savoir, *plier*, et sauter sur *un* pied, et se rejeter sur *l'autre*."—*Dictionnaire de Danse*, Art. *Contre-temps*.

While twelve was all that footed it still,
On the Irish side of that grand Quadrille!

Nor this the worst:—still danced they on,
But the pomp was sadden'd, the smile was gone,
And again, from time to time, the same
Ill-omened darkness round them came,—
While still, as the light broke out anew,
Their ranks look'd less by a dozen or two;
Till ah! at last there were only found
Just Bishops enough for a four-hands-round;
And when I awoke, impatient getting,
I left the last holy pair *poussetting*!

Nota bene.—As ladies in years, it seems,
Have the happiest knack at solving dreams,
I shall leave to my ancient feminine friends
Of the *Standard* to say what *this* portends.

DICK * * * *

A CHARACTER.

Of various scraps and fragments built,
Borrow'd alike from fools and wits,
Dick's mind was like a patch-work quilt,
Made up of new, old, motley bits,—
Where, if the *Co.* called in their shares,
If petticoats their quota got,
And gowns were all refunded theirs,
The quilt would look but shy, God wot.

And thus he still, new plagiaries seeking,
Revers'd ventriloquism's trick,
For, 'stead of Dick through others speaking,
'T was others we heard speak through Dick.
A Tory now, all bounds exceeding,
Now best of Whigs, now worst of rats;
One day, with Malthus, foe to breeding,
The next, with Sadler, all for brats.

Poor Dick!—and how else could it be?
With notions all at random caught,
A sort of mental fricassee,
Made up of legs and wings of thought,—
The leavings of the last Debate, or
A dinner, yesterday, of wits,
Where Dick sate by and, like a waiter,
Had the scraps for perquisites.

A CORRECTED REPORT OF SOME LATE SPEECHES.

"Then I heard one saint speaking, and another saint said unto that saint."

St. S—ncl—r rose and declared in sooth,
That he wouldn't give sixpence to Maynooth.
He had hated priests the whole of his life,
For a priest was a man who had no wife,*
And, having no wife, the Church was his mother,
The Church was his father, sister, and brother.
This being the case, he was sorry to say,
That a gulf 'twixt Papist and Protestant lay,†
So deep and wide, scarce possible was it
To say even "how d'ye do?" across it:

* "He objected to the maintenance and education of a clergy *bound by the particular vows of celibacy, which, as it were, gave them the church as their only family, making it fill the places of father and mother and brother.*"—Debate on the Grant to Maynooth College, *The Times*, April 19.

† "It had always appeared to him that *between the Catholic and Protestant a great gulf* intervened, which rendered it impossible, &c."

And though your Liberals, nimble as fleas,
Could clear such gulfs with perfect ease,
'Twas a jump that nothing on earth could make
Your proper, heavy-built Christian take.
No, no,—if a Dance of Sects *must* be,
He would set to the Baptist willingly,*
At the Independent deign to smirk,
And rigadoon with old Mother Kirk;
Nay ev'n, for once, if needs must be,
He would take hands round with all the three;
But, as to a jig with Popery, no,—
To the Harlot ne'er would he point his toe.

St. M—nd—v—le was the next that rose,—
That Saint who round, as a pedlar, goes,
With his pack of piety and prose,
Heavy and hot enough, God knows,—
And he said that Papists were much inclined
To extirpate all of Protestant kind,
Which he couldn't, in truth, so much condemn,
Having rather a wish to extirpate them;
That is,—to guard against mistake,—
To extirpate them for their doctrine's sake;
A distinction Churchmen always make,—

* "The Baptist might acceptably extend the offices of religion to the Presbyterian and the Independent, or the member of the Church of England to any of the other three; but the Catholic," &c.

Insomuch that, when they've prime control,
Though sometimes roasting heretics whole,
They but cook the body for sake of the soul.

Next jump'd St. J—hnst—n jollily forth,
The spiritual Dogberry of the North,*
A right "wise fellow and, what 's more,
An officer,"† like his type of yore;
And he ask'd, if we grant such toleration,
Pray, what's the use of our Reformation?‡
What is the use of our Church and State?
Our Bishops, Articles, Tithe, and Rate?
And, still as he yell'd out "what's the use?"
Old Echoes, from their cells recluse
Where they'd for centuries slept, broke loose,
Yelling responsive, "*What's the use?*"

* "Could he then, holding as he did a spiritual office in the Church of Scotland (cries of hear, and laughter) with any consistency give his consent to a grant of money? &c."

† "I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer." *Much Ado about Nothing.*

‡ "What, he asked, was the use of the Reformation? What was the use of the Articles of the Church of England, or of the Church of Scotland," &c.

THE BRUNSWICK CLUB.

A letter having been addressed to a very distinguished personage, requesting him to become the Patron of this Orange Club, a polite answer was forthwith returned, of which we have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy.

Brimstone-hall, September 1, 1828.

Private.—Lord Belzebub presents
To the Brunswick Club his compliments,
And much regrets to say that he
Cannot, at present, their Patron be.
In stating this, Lord Belzebub
Assures, on his honour, the Brunswick Club,
That 'tis n't from any lukewarm lack
Of zeal, or fire he thus holds back—
As ev'n Lord *Coal** himself is not
For the Orange party more red-hot:
But the truth is, till their Club affords
A somewhat decenter shew of Lords,
And on its list of members gets
A few less rubbishy Baronets,
Lord Belzebub must beg to be
Excused from keeping such company.

* Usually written "Cole."

Who the devil, he humbly begs to know,
Are Lord Glandine, and Lord Dunlo?
Or who, with a grain of sense, would go
To sit and be bored by Lord M-yo?
What living creature—*except his nurse*—
For Lord M-ntc-sh-l cares a curse,
Or thinks 'twould matter if Lord M-sk-rry
Where t'other side of the Stygian ferry?
Breathes there a man in Dublin town,
Who'd give but half of half-a-crown
To save from drowning my Lord R-thd-ne,
Or who would'nt also gladly hustle in
Lords R-d-n, B-nd-n, C-le, and J-o-c-l-n?
In short, though, from his tenderest years,
Accustom'd to all sorts of Peers,
Lord Belzebub much questions whether
He ever yet saw, mixed together,
As 'twere in one capacious tub,
Such a mess of noble silly-bub
As the twenty Peers of the Brunswick Club.

It being impossible that Lord B.
Could stoop to such society,
Thinking, he owns (though no great prig),
For one in his station 'twere *infrà dig.*
He begs to propose, in the interim,
Till they find some prop'rer Peers for him,

His Highness of C——d, as *Sub*,
To take his place at the Brunswick Club—
Begging, meanwhile, himself to dub
Their obedient servant, BELZEBUB.

It luckily happens, the R-y-l Duke
Resembles so much in air and look,
The head of the Belzebub family,
That few can any difference see;
Which makes him, of course, the better suit
To serve as Lord B.'s substitute.

ADVERTISEMENT.*

MISSING or lost, last Sunday night,
A Waterloo coin, whereon was trac'd
Th' inscription, "Courage!" in letters bright,
Though a little by rust of years defac'd.

* Written at that memorable crisis when a distinguished Duke, then Prime Minister, acting under the inspirations of Sir C. H—n—r and other City worthies, advised his Majesty to give up his announced intention of dining with the Lord Mayor.

The metal thereof is rough and hard,
And—'t is thought of late—mix'd up with brass;
But it bears the stamp of Fame's award,
And through all Posterity's hands will pass.

How it was lost, God only knows,
But certain *City* thieves, they say,
Broke in on the owner's evening doze,
And filched this "gift of gods" away!

One ne'er could, of course, the Cits suspect,
If we had 'nt, that evening, chanc'd to see,
At the robb'd man's door, a *Mare* elect,
With an ass, to keep her company.

Whosoever of this lost treasure knows,
Is begg'd to state all facts about it,
As the owner can't well face his foes,
Nor, indeed, just now, his friends,—without it.

And if Sir Clod will bring it back,
Like a trusty Baronet, wise and able,
He shall have a ride on the whitest hack
That is left in old King George's stable.

THE MAD TORY AND THE COMET.

FOUNDED ON A LATE DISTRESSING INCIDENT.

"*Mutantem regna cometem.*"—LUCAN.*

"THOUGH all the pet mischiefs we count upon, fail,
Though Cholera, hurricanes, Wellington leave us,
We've still in reserve, mighty Comet, thy tail;—
Last hope of the Tories, wilt thou too deceive us?

"No—'t is coming, 't is coming, th' avenger is nigh;
Heed, heed not, ye placemen, how Herapath flatters;
One whisk from that tail, as it passes us by,
Will settle, at once, all political matters;—

* Eclipses and comets have been always looked to as great changers of administrations. Thus Milton, speaking of the former:—

"With fear of change
Perplexing monarchs."

And in Statius we find,

"Mutant quæ sceptra cometæ."

"The East-India Question, the Bank, the Five Powers,
(Now turned into two) with their rigmarole protocols;—
Ha! ha! ye gods, how this new friend of ours
Will knock, right and left, all diplomacy's what d'ye calls!

"Yes, rather than Whigs at our downfall should mock,
Meet planets, and suns, in one general hustle!
While, happy in vengeance, we welcome the shock
That shall jerk from their places, Grey, Althorp, and
Russell."

Thus spoke a mad Lord, as, with telescope raised,
His wild Tory eye on the heavens he set;
And, though nothing destructive appeared as he gazed,
Much hoped that there *would*, before Parliament met.

And still, as odd shapes seemed to flit through his glass,
"Ha! there it is now," the poor maniac cries;
While his fancy with forms but too monstrous, alas,
From his own Tory zodiac, peoples the skies:—

"Now I spy a big body, good heavens, how big!
Whether Bucky or Taurus, I cannot well say:—
And, yonder, there 's Eld—n's old Chancery-wig,
In its dusty aphelion fast fading away.

"I see, 'mong those fatuous meteors behind,
L—nd—nd—ry, *in vacuo*, flaring about;—
While that dim double star, of the nebulous kind,
Is the Gemini, R—den and L—rt—n, no doubt.

" Ah, El—b'r—h! 'faith, I first thought 't was the Comet;
So like that, in Milton, it made me quite pale:
The head with the same 'horrid hair '* coming from it,
And plenty of vapour, but—where is the tail?"

Just then, up aloft jump'd the gazer, elated—
For, lo, his bright glass a phenomenon showed,
Which he took to be C—b—d, *upwards* translated,
Instead of his natural course, t'other road!

But too awful that sight for a spirit so shaken,—
Down dropped the poor Tory in fits and grimaces,
Then off to the Bedlam in Charles-street was taken,
And is now one of Halford's most favourite cases.

* " And from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war."

FROM THE HON. HENRY ——, TO LADY EMMA ——.*

Paris, March 30.

You bid me explain, my dear angry Ma'amselle,
How I came thus to bolt without saying farewell;
And the truth is,—as truth you *will* have, my sweet railer,—
There are two worthy persons I always feel loth
To take leave of at starting,—my mistress and tailor,—
As somehow one always has *scenes* with them both;
The Snip in ill-humour, the Syren in tears,
She calling on Heaven, and he on th' attorney,—
Till sometimes, in short, 'twixt his duns and his dears,
A young gentleman risks being stopp'd in his journey.

But, to come to the point,—though you think, I dare say,
That 't is debt or the Cholera drives me away,
'Pon honour you 're wrong;—such a mere bagatelle
As a pestilence nobody, now-a-days, fears;
And the fact is, my love, I 'm thus bolting, pell-mell,
To get out of the way of these horrid new Peers;
This deluge of coronets, frightful to think of,
Which England is now, for her sins, on the brink of;

* Written at the time of the last great creation of Peers.

This coinage of *nobles*,—coined, all of them, badly,
And sure to bring Counts to a *dis*count most sadly.

Only think, to have Lords overrunning the nation,
As plenty as frogs in a Dutch inundation;
No shelter from Barons, from Earls no protection,
And tadpole young Lords, too, in every direction,—
Things created in haste, just to make a Court list of,
Two legs and a coronet all they consist of!
The prospect 's quite frightful, and what Sir George R—e
(My particular friend) says is perfectly true,
That, so dire the alternative, nobody knows,
'Twixt the Peers and the Pestilence, what he 's to do;
And Sir George even doubts, — could he choose his disorder,—
'Twixt coffin and coronet, *which* he would order.

This being the case, why, I thought, my dear Emma,
'T were best to fight shy of so curs'd a dilemma;
And though I confess myself somewhat a villain,
To 've left *idol mio* without an *addio*,
Console your sweet heart, and, a week hence, from Milan
I 'll send you—some news of Bellini's last trio.

N. B.—Have just pack'd up my travelling set-out,
Things a tourist in Italy *can't* go without—
Viz., a pair of *gants gras*, from old Houbigant's shop,
Good for hands that the air of Mont Cenis may chap.

Small presents for ladies,—and nothing so wheedles
The creatures abroad as your golden-ey'd needles.
A neat pocket Horace, by which folks are cozen'd
To think one knows Latin, when—one, perhaps, does n't;
With some little book about heathen mythology,
Just large enough to refresh one's theology;
Nothing on earth being half such a bore as
Not knowing the difference 'twixt Virgins and Floras.
Once more, love, farewell, best regards to the girls,
And mind you beware of damp feet and new Earls.

HENRY.

"COLLEGE.—We announced, in our last, that Lefroy and Shaw were returned. They were chaired yesterday; the Students of the College determined, it would seem, to imitate the mob in all things, harnessing themselves to the car, and the Masters of Arts bearing Orange flags and bludgeons before, beside, and behind the car."

Dublin Evening Post, Dec. 20.

AY, yoke ye to the bigot's car,
Ye chos'n of Alma Mater's scions;—
Fleet chargers drew the God of War,
Great Cybele was drawn by lions,
And Sylvan Pan, as Poets dream,
Drove four young panthers in his team.

Thus, classical L—fr—y, for once, is,
Thus, studious of a like turn-out,
He harnesses young sucking dunces,
To draw him, as their Chief, about,
And let the world a picture see
Of Dulness yoked to Bigotry:

Showing us how young College hacks
Can pace with bigots at their backs,
As though the cubs were *born* to draw
Such luggage as L—fr—y and Sh—w.

Oh shade of Goldsmith, shade of Swift,
Bright spirits whom, in days of yore,
This Queen of Dulness sent adrift,
As aliens to her foggy shore;*—
Shade of our glorious Grattan, too,
Whose very name her shame recalls;
Whose effigy her bigot crew
Revers'd upon their monkish walls,†—

* See the lives of these two poets for the circumstances under which they left Dublin College.

† In the year 1799, the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, thought proper, as a mode of expressing their disapprobation of Mr. Grattan's public conduct, to order his portrait, in the Great Hall of the University, to be turned upside down, and in this position it remained for some time.

Bear witness (lest the world should doubt)
To your mute Mother's dull renown,
Once famous but for Wit turn'd *out*,
And Eloquence turn'd *upside down;*
But now ordain'd new wreaths to win,
Beyond all fame of former days,
By breaking thus young donkies in
To draw M. P.'s, amid the brays
Alike of donkies and M. A.'s;—
Defying Oxford to surpass 'em
In this new "Gradus ad Parnassum."

TRANSLATION FROM THE GULL LANGUAGE.

BY DR. BOWRING.

Scripta manet.

'T was graved on the Stone of Destiny,*
In letters four, and letters three;
And ne'er did the King of the Gulls go by
But those awful letters scared his eye;

* Liafail, or the Stone of Destiny,—for which see Westminster Abbey.

For he knew a Prophet Voice had said,
As long as those words by man were read,
The ancient race of the Gulls should ne'er
One hour of peace or plenty share.
But years on years successive flew,
And the letters still more legible grew,—
At top, a T, an H, an E,
And underneath, D. E. B. T.

Some thought them Hebrew,—such as Jews,
Who deal more in Scrip than Scripture, use;
While some surmised 't was an ancient way
Of keeping accounts (well known in the day
Of the famed Didlerius Jeremias,
Who had thereto a wonderful bias,)
And proved, in books most learn'dly boring,
'T was called the Pon*tick* way of scoring.

Howe'er this be, there never were yet
Seven letters of the alphabet,
That, 'twixt them, formed so grim a spell,
Or scared a Land of Gulls so well
As did this awful riddle-me-ree
Of T. H. E D. E. B. T.

* * * * *

Hark!—it is struggling Freedom's cry;
"Help, help, ye nations, or I die;

'T is Freedom's fight, and, on the field
Where I expire *your* doom is sealed."
The Gull-King hears the awakening call,
He hath summoned his Peers and Patriots all,
And he asks, " Ye noble Gulls, shall we
Stand basely by at the fall of the Free,
Nor utter a curse, nor deal a blow? "
And they answer, with voice of thunder, " No."

Out fly their flashing swords in the air!—
But,—why do they rest suspended there?
What sudden blight, what baleful charm,
Hath chilled each eye, and checked each arm?
Alas, some withering hand hath thrown
The veil from off that fatal stone,
And pointing now, with sapless finger,
Showeth where dark those letters linger,—
Letters four, and letters three,
T. H. E. D. E. B. T.

At sight thereof, each lifted brand
Powerless falls from every hand;
In vain the Patriot knits his brow,—
Even talk, his staple, fails him now.
In vain the King like a hero treads,
His Lords of the Treasury shake their heads;
And to all his talk of " brave and free,"
No answer getteth His Majesty
But " T. H. E. D. E. B. T."

In short the whole Gull nation feels
They 're fairly spell-bound neck and heels;
And so, in face of the laughing world,
Must e'en sit down, with banners furled,
Adjourning all their dreams sublime
Of glory and war to——some other time.

NOTIONS ON REFORM.

BY A MODERN REFORMER.

Of all the misfortunes as yet brought to pass
By this comet-like Bill, with its long tail of speeches,
The saddest and worst is the schism which alas!
It has caused between W—th—r—l's waistcoat and breeches.

Some symptoms of this Anti-Union propensity
Had oft broken out in that quarter before;
But the breach, since the Bill, has attained such immensity,
Daniel himself could have scarce wished it more.

Oh! haste to repair it, ye friends of good order,
Ye Atw—ds and W—nns, ere the moment is past;
Who can doubt that we tread upon Anarchy's border,
When the ties that should hold men are loosening so fast?

Make W—th—r—l yield to "some sort of Reform,"
(As we all must, God help us! with very wry faces;)
And loud as he likes let him bluster and storm
About Corporate Rights, so he'll only wear braces.

Or, if those he now sports have been long in possession,
And, like his own borough, are worse for the wear,
Advise him, at least, as a prudent concession
To Intellect's progress, to buy a new pair.

Oh! who that e'er saw him, when vocal he stands,
With a look something midway 'twixt Filch's and Lockit's,
While still, to inspire him, his deeply-thrust hands
Keep jingling the rhino in both breeches-pockets—

Who that ever has listened, through groan and through cough,
To the speeches inspired by this music of pence,—
But must grieve that there's anything like *falling off*
In that great nether source of his wit and his sense?

Who that knows how he looked when, with grace debonair,
He began first to court—rather late in the season—
Or when, less fastidious, he sat in the chair
Of his old friend, the Nottingham Goddess of Reason;*

* It will be recollected that the learned gentleman himself boasted, one night, in the House of Commons, of having sat in the very chair which this allegorical lady had occupied.

That Goddess, whose borough-like virtue attracted
All mongers in *both* wares to proffer their love;
Whose chair like the stool of the Pythoness acted,
As W—th—r—l's rants, ever since, go to prove;*

Who, in short, would not grieve, if a man of his graces
Should go on rejecting, unwarned by the past,
The "moderate Reform" of a pair of new braces,
Till, some day,—he all falls to pieces at last.

TORY PLEDGES.

I pledge myself, through thick and thin,
To labour still, with zeal devout,
To get the Outs, poor devils, in,
And turn the Ins, the wretches, out.

I pledge myself, though much bereft
Of ways and means of ruling ill,
To make the most of what are left,
And stick to all that's rotten still.

* Lucan's description of the effects of the tripod on the appearance and voice of the sitter, shows that the symptoms are, at least, very similar:

Spumea tunc primum rabies vesana per ora
Effluit — — — — —
tunc mœstus vastis ululatus in antris.

Though gone the days of place and pelf,
And drones no more take all the honey,
I pledge myself to cram myself
With all I can of public money.

To quarter on that social purse
My nephews, nieces, sisters, brothers,
Nor, so *we* prosper, care a curse
How much 't is at th' expense of others.

I pledge myself, whenever Right
And Might on any point divide,
Not to ask which is black or white,
But take, at once, the strongest side.

For instance, in all Tithe discussions,
I 'm *for* the Reverend encroachers:—
I loathe the Poles, applaud the Russians,—
Am *for* the Squires, *against* the Poachers.

Betwixt the Corn-Lords and the Poor
I 've not the slightest hesitation,—
The People *must* be starv'd, t' insure
The Land its due remuneration.

I pledge myself to be no more
With Ireland's wrongs beprosed or shamm'd,—
I vote her grievances a *bore*,
So she may suffer, and be d—d.

Or if she kick, let it console us,
We still have plenty of red coats,
To cram the Church, that general bolus,
Down any giv'n amount of throats.

I dearly love the Frankfort Diet,—
Think newspapers the worst of crimes;
And would, to give some chance of quiet,
Hang all the writers of The Times;

Break all their correspondents' bones,
All authors of "Reply," "Rejoinder,"
From the Anti-Tory, Colonel J—es,
To the Anti-Suttee, Mr. P—ynd—r.

Such are the Pledges I propose;
And though I can 't now offer gold,
There's many a way of buying those
Who 've but the taste for being sold.

So here 's, with three times three hurrahs,
A toast, of which you 'll not complain,—
"Long life to jobbing; may the days
Of Peculation shine again!"

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

FIRST VISIT.

As St. Jerome, who died some ages ago,
Was sitting, one day, in the shades below,
"I've heard much of English bishops," quoth he,
"And shall take a trip up to earth, to see
How far they agree, in their lives and ways,
With our good old bishops of ancient days."

He had learn'd—but learn'd without misgivings—
Their love for good living, and eke good livings;
Not knowing (as ne'er having taken degrees)
That good living means claret and fricassees,
While its plural means simply—pluralities.
"From all I hear," said the innocent man,
"They are quite on the good old primitive plan.
For wealth and pomp they little can care,
As they all say '*no*' to th' Episcopal chair;
And their vestal virtue it well denotes,
That they all, good men, wear petticoats."
Thus saying, post-haste to earth he hurries,
And knocks at th' Archbishop of Canterbury's.

The door was oped by a lackey in lace,
Saying, 'What's your business with his Grace?'
"His Grace!" quoth Jerome—for posed was he,
Not knowing what *sort* this Grace could be;
Whether Grace *preventing*, Grace *particular*,
Grace of that breed called *Quinquarticular**—
In short, he rummag'd his holy mind,
Th' exact description of Grace to find,
Which thus could represented be
By a footman in full livery
At last, out loud in a laugh he broke,
(For dearly the good saint lov'd his joke)†
And said—surveying, as sly he spoke,
The costly palace from roof to base—
"Well, it isn't, at least, a *saving* Grace!"

"Umph!" said the lackey, a man of few words,
"The Archbishop is gone to the House of Lords."
"To the House of the Lord, you mean, my son,
For, in *my* time, at least, there was but one;
Unless such many-*fold* priests as these
Seek, ev'n in their LORD, pluralities!"‡

* So called from the proceedings of the Synod of Dort.

† Witness his well known pun on the name of his adversary, Vigilantius, whom he calls facetiously Dormitantius.

‡ The suspicion attached to some of the early Fathers of being Arians in their doctrine would appear to derive some confirmation from this passage.

"No time for gab," quoth the man in lace:
Then, slamming the door in St. Jerome's face,
With a curse to the single knockers all,
Went to finish his port in the servants' hall,
And propose a toast (humanely meant
To include even Curates in its extent)
"To all as *serves* th' Establishment."

ST. JEROME ON EARTH.

SECOND VISIT.

"This much I dare say, that, since *lording* and loitering hath come up, preaching hath come down, contrary to the Apostles' times. For they preached and *lorded* not: and now they *lord* and preach not . . . . Ever since the Prelates were made Lords and Nobles, the plough standeth; there is no work done, the people starve."—*Latimer, Sermon of the Plough.*

"Once more," said Jerome, "I'll run up and see
How the Church goes on,"—and off set he.
Just then the packet-boat, which trades
Betwixt our planet and the Shades,

Had arrived below, with a freight so queer,
"My eyes!" said Jerome, "what have we here?"—
For he saw, when nearer he explored,
They'd a cargo of Bishops' wigs aboard.
"They are ghosts of whigs," said Charon, "all,
Once worn by nobs Episcopal.
For folks on earth, when they've got a store
Of things like these they want no more,
Oft send them down, as gifts, you know,
To a certain Gentleman here below."

"A sign of the times, I plainly see,"
Said the Saint to himself as, pondering, he
Sail'd off in the death-boat gallantly.

Arrived on earth, quoth he, "no more
I'll affect a body, as before;
For I think I'd best, in the company
Of Spiritual Lords, a spirit be,
And glide, unseen, from See to See."
But oh! to tell what scenes he saw,—
It was more than Rabelais' pen could draw.
For instance, he found Ex—t—r,
Soul, body, inkstand, all in a stir,—
For love of God? for sake of King?
For good of people?—no such thing;
But to get for himself, by some new trick,
A shove to a better bishoprick.

He found that pious soul, Van M—ld—t,
Much with his money-bags bewilder'd;
Snubbing the Clerks of the Diocess,*
Because the rogues showed restlessness
At having too little cash to touch,
While he so Christianly bears too much.
He found old Sarum's wits as gone
As his own beloved text in John,†—
Text he hath prosed so long upon,
That 'tis thought when asked, at the gate of heaven,
His name, he'll answer "John v. 7."

"But enough of Bishops I've had to-day,"
Said the weary Saint,—"I must away.
Though I own I should like, before I go,
To see, for once (as I'm asked below
If really such odd sights exist)
A regular six-fold Pluralist."
Just then he heard a general cry
"There's Doctor Hodgson galloping by!"
"Ay, that's the man," says the Saint, "to follow,"
And off he sets, with a loud view-hollo,

* See the Bishop's Letter to Clergy of his Diocese.

† John, v. 7. A text which, though long given up by all the rest of the orthodox world, is still pertinaciously adhered to by this Right Reverend scholar.

At Hodgson's heels, to catch, if he can,
A glimpse of this singular plural man.
But,—talk of Sir Boyle Roche's bird!*
To compare him with Hodgson is absurd.
"Which way, Sir, pray is the Doctor gone?"—
"He is now at his living at Hillingdon."
"No no,—you're out, by many a mile,
He's away at his Deanery, in Carlisle."—
"Pardon me, Sir; but I understand
He's gone to his living in Cumberland."
"God bless me, no,—he can't be there;
You must try St. George's, Hanover-square."

Thus all in vain the Saint inquired,
From living to living, mock'd and tired;—
'T was Hodgson here, 't was Hodgson there,
'T was Hodgson nowhere, everywhere;
Till, fairly beat, the Saint gave oe'r,
And flitted away to the Stygian shore,
To astonish the natives under ground
With the comical things he on earth had found.

* It was a saying of the well-known Sir Boyle, that "a man could not be in two places at once, unless he was a bird."

THE CONSULTATION.

"When they *do* agree, their unanimity is wonderful."
The Critic.

Scene discovers Dr. Whig and Dr. Tory in consultation. Patient on the floor between them.

Dr. Whig.—This wild Irish patient *does* pester me so,
That what to do with him, I 'm curst if I know.
I 've *promised* him anodynes ——
Dr. Tory. Anodynes!—Stuff.
Tie him down—gag him well—he 'll be tranquil enough.
That 's *my* mode of practice.
Dr. Whig. True, quite in *your* line,
But unluckily not much, till lately, in *mine*.
'T is so painful ——
Dr. Tory.—Pooh, nonsense—ask Ude how he feels,
When, for Epicure feasts, he prepares his live eels,
By flinging them in, 'twixt the bars of the fire,
And letting them wriggle on there till they 're tire.
He, too, says "'t is painful"—"quite makes his heart bleed"—
But "your eels are a vile, oleaginous breed."—

He would fain use them gently, but Cookery says "No,"
And—in short—eels were *born* to be treated just so.*
'T is the same with these Irish,—who 're odder fish still,—
Your tender Whig heart shrinks from using them ill;
I, myself, in my youth, ere I came to get wise,
Used, at some operations, to blush to the eyes;—
But, in fact, my dear brother,—if I may make bold
To style you, as Peachum did Lockit, of old,—
We, Doctors, *must* act with the firmness of Ude,
And, indifferent, like him,—so the fish is *but* stewed,—
Must torture live Pats for the general good.

[*Here patient groans and kicks a little.*]

Dr. Whig. — But what, if one's patient 's so devilish perverse,
That he *won't* be thus tortured?

Dr. Tory. Coerce, Sir, coerce.
You 're a juv'nile performer, but once you begin,
You can't think how fast you may train your hand in:
And [*smiling*] who knows but old Tory may take to the shelf,
With the comfort that, while he retires on his pelf,
He 's succeeded by one just as—bad as himself?

* This eminent artist, in the second edition of the work wherein he propounds this mode of purifying his eels, professes himself much concerned at the charge of inhumanity brought against his practice, but still begs leave respectfully to repeat that it *is* the only proper mode of preparing eels for the table.

Dr. Whig [*looking flattered*].—Why, to tell you the truth,
I 've a small matter here,
Which you help'd me to make for my patient last year,—
[*Goes to a cupboard and brings out a strait-waistcoat and gag.*]
And such rest I 've enjoyed from his raving, since then,
That I 've made up my mind he shall wear it again.

Dr. Tory [*embracing him*].—Oh, charming!—My dear
Doctor Whig, you 're a treasure,
Next to torturing, *myself*, to help *you* is a pleasure.
[*Assisting Dr. Whig.*]
Give me leave—I 've some practice in these mad machines;
There—tighter—the gag in the mouth, by all means.
Delightful!—all 's snug—not a squeak need you fear,—
You may now put your anodynes off till next year.

Scene closes.

TO THE REV. CH—RL—S OV—RT—N,

CURATE OF ROMALDKIRK.

(See *Edinburgh Review*, No. 117).

Sweet singer of Romaldkirk, thou who art reckon'd,
By critics Episcopal, David the Second,*

* "Your Lordship," says Mr. Ov—rt—n, in the Dedication of his Poem to the Bishop of Chester, "has kindly expressed your persuasion that my 'Muse will always be a Muse of sacred song, and that *it will be tuned as David's was.*'"

If thus, as a Curate, so lofty your flight,
Only think, in a Rectory, how you *would* write!
Once fairly inspir'd by the "Tithe-crown'd Apollo,"
(Who beats, I confess it, our *lay* Phœbus hollow,
Having gotten, besides the old *Nine's* inspiration,
The *Tenth* of all eatable things in creation),
There 's nothing, in fact, that a poet like you,
So be-*nined* and be-*tenth'd*, could n't easily do.

Round the lips of the sweet-tongued Athenian,* they say,
While yet but a babe in his cradle he lay,
Wild honey-bees swarm'd, as a presage to tell
Of the sweet-flowing words that thence, afterwards fell.
Just so round our Ov-rt-n's cradle, no doubt,
Tenth ducklings and chicks were seen flitting about;
Goose embryos, waiting their doom'd decimation,
Came, shadowing forth his adult destination,
And small, sucking tithe-pigs, in musical droves,
Announc'd the Church poet whom Chester approves.

Oh Horace, when thou, in thy vision of yore,
Didst dream that a snowy-white plumage came o'er
Thy etherealized limbs, stealing downily on,
Till, by Fancy's strong spell, thou wert turn'd to a swan,†

* Sophocles.

† —— album mutor in alitem
Superne: nascunturque læves
Per digitos, humerosque plumæ.

Little thought'st thou such fate could a poet befall,
Without any effort of fancy, at all;
Little thought'st thou the world would in Ov-rt-n find
A bird, ready-made, somewhat different in kind,
But as perfect as Michaelmas' self could produce,
By gods yclept *anser*, by mortals a *goose*.

SCENE FROM A PLAY, ACTED AT OXFORD, CALLED "MATRICULATION."

[Boy discovered at a table, with the Thirty-Nine Articles before him.—Enter the Rt. Rev. Doctor Ph—llp—ts.]

Doctor P.—There, my lad, lie the Articles—*(Boy begins to count them)* just thirty-nine—
No occasion to count—you've now only to sign.
At Cambridge, where folks are less High-Church than we,
The whole Nine-and-Thirty are lump'd into Three.
Let's run o'er the items;—there's Justification,
Predestination and Supererogation,—
Not forgetting Salvation and Creed Athanasian,
Till we reach, at last, Queen Bess's Ratification.
That's sufficient—now, sign—having read quite enough,
You "believe in the full and true meaning thereof?"
(Boy stares).

Oh, a mere form of words, to make things smooth and brief,—
A commodious and short make-believe of belief,
Which our Church has drawn up, in a form thus articular,
To keep out, in general, all who're particular.
But what's the boy doing? what! reading all through,
And my luncheon fast cooling!—this never will do.

Boy (poring over the Articles.)—Here are points which—pray, Doctor, what's "Grace of Congruity?"

Doctor P. (sharply).—You'll find out, young Sir, when you've more ingenuity.

At present, by signing, you pledge yourself merely,
Whatev'r it may be, to believe it sincerely.
Both in *dining* and *signing* we take the same plan,—
First, to swallow all down, then digest—as we can.

Boy (still reading).—I've to gulp, I see, St. Athanasius's Creed,
Which, I'm told, is a very tough morsel, indeed;
As he damns—

Doctor P. (aside).—Ay, and so would I, willingly, too,
All confounded particular young boobies, like you.
This comes of Reforming!—all's o'er with our land,
When people won't stand what they can't *under*stand;
Nor perceive that our ever-revered Thirty-Nine
Were made, not for men to *believe*, but to *sign*.

(Exit Doctor P. in a passion).

LATE TITHE CASE.

"Sic vos non vobis."

"The Vicar of B—mh—m desires me to state that, in consequence of the passing of a recent Act of Parliament, he is compelled to adopt measures which may by some be considered harsh or precipitate; but, *in duty to what he owes to his successors*, he feels bound to preserve the rights of the vicarage."—*Letter from Mr. S. Powell*, August 6.

No, *not* for yourselves, ye reverend men,
Do you take one pig in every ten,
But for Holy Church's future heirs,
Who 've an abstract right to that pig, as theirs;—
The law supposing that such heirs male
Are already seized of the pig, in tail.
No, *not* for himself hath B—mh—m's priest
His "well-belov'd" of their pennies fleec'd:
But it is that, before his prescient eyes,
All future Vicars of B—mh—m rise,
With their embryo daughters, nephews, nieces,
And 't is for *them* the poor he fleeces.
He heareth their voices, ages hence,
Saying "Take the pig"—"oh take the pence;"
The cries of little Vicarial dears,
The unborn B—mh—mites, reach his ears;

And, did he resist that soft appeal,
He would *not* like a true-born Vicar feel.

Thou, too, L—ndy of L—ck—ngt—n!
A Rector true, if e'er there was one,
Who, for sake of the L—ndies of coming ages,
Gripest the tenths of labourers' wages.*
'T is true, in the pockets of *thy* small-clothes
The claim'd "obvention"† of four-pence goes;
But its abstract spirit, unconfin'd,
Spreads to all future Rector-kind,
Warning them all to their rights to wake,
And rather to face the block, the stake
Than give up their darling right *to take.*

One grain of musk, it is said, perfumes
(So subtle its spirit) a thousand rooms,
And a single four-pence, pocketed well,
Through a thousand rectors' lives will tell.

* Fourteen agricultural labourers (one of whom received so little as six guineas for yearly wages, one eight, one nine, another ten guineas, and the best paid of the whole not more than 18*l.* annually) were all, in the course of the autumn of 1832, served with demands of tithe at the rate of 4*d.* in the 1*l.* sterling, on behalf of the Rev. F. L—dy, Rector of ——, &c. &c."—*The Times*, August 1833.

† One of the various general terms under which oblations, tithes, &c. are comprised.

Then still continue, ye reverend souls,
And still, as your rich Pactolus rolls,
Grasp every penny, on every side,
From every wretch, to swell its tide:
Remembering still what the Law lays down,
In that pure poetic style of its own,
"If the parson *in esse* submits to loss, he
Inflicts the same on the parson *in posse*."

FOOLS' PARADISE.

DREAM THE FIRST.

I have been, like Puck, I have been, in a trice,
To a realm they call Fools' Paradise,
Lying N.N.E. of the Land of Sense,
And seldom bless'd with a glimmer thence.
But they want it not in this happy place,
Where a light of its own gilds every face;
Or, if some wear a shadowy brow,
'T is the *wish* to look wise,—not knowing *how*.
Self-glory glistens o'er all that's there,
The trees, the flowers have a jaunty air;

The well-bred wind in a whisper blows,
The snow, if it snows, is *couleur de rose*,
The falling founts in a titter fall,
And the sun looks simpering down on all.

Oh, 'tis n't in tongue or pen to trace
The scenes I saw in that joyous place.
There were Lords and Ladies sitting together,
In converse sweet, "What charming weather!
You 'll all rejoice to hear, I 'm sure,
Lord Charles has got a good sinecure;
And the Premier says, my youngest brother,
(Him in the Guards) shall have another.
Is n't this very, *very* gallant!—
As for my poor old virgin aunt,
Who has lost her all, poor thing, at whist,
We must quarter *her* on the Pension List."
Thus smoothly time in that Eden roll'd;
It seem'd like an Age of *real* gold,
Where all who liked might have a slice,
So rich was that Fools' Paradise.

But the sport at which most time they spent,
Was a puppetshow, called Parliament,
Perform'd by wooden Ciceros,
As large as life, who stood to prose,
While, hid behind them, lords and squires,
Who owned the puppets, pull'd the wires;

And thought it the very best device
Of that most prosperous Paradise,
To make the vulgar pay through the nose
For them and their wooden Ciceros.

And many more such things I saw
In this Eden of Church, and State, and Law;
Nor e'er were known such pleasant folk
As those who had the *best* of the joke.
There were Irish Rectors, such as resort
To Cheltenham yearly, to drink—port,
And bumper, "Long may the Church endure,
Where the cure of souls is a sinecure,
And a score of Parsons to every soul
Is a fair allowance on the whole."
There were Heads of Colleges, lying about,
From which the sense had all run out,
Ev'n to the lowest classic lees,
Till nothing was left but *quantities;*
Which made them heads most fit to be
Stuck up on a University,
Which yearly hatches, in its schools,
Such flights of young Elysian fools.

Thus all went on, so snug and nice,
In this happiest possible Paradise.
But it was but too plain to see, alas,
That a downfall soon must come to pass.

For grief is a lot the good and wise
Don't quite so much monopolize,
But that ("lapt in Elysium" as they are)
Even blessed fools must have their share.
And so it happened:—but what befell,
In Dream the Second I mean to tell.

THE RECTOR AND HIS CURATE;

OR, ONE POUND TWO.

"I trust we shall part, as we met, in peace and charity. My last payment to you paid your salary up to the 1st of this month. Since that, I owe you for one month, which being a long month, of thirty-one days, amounts, as near as I can calculate, to six pounds eight shillings. My steward returns you as a debtor to the amount of SEVEN POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS FOR CON-ACRE GROUND, which leaves some trifling balance in my favour."—*Letter of Dismissal from the Rev. Marcus Beresford to his Curate, the Rev. T. A. Lyons.*

THE account is balanced—the bill drawn out,—
The debit and credit all right, no doubt—
The Rector, rolling in wealth and state,
Owes to his Curate six pound eight;

The Curate, that least well-fed of men,
Owes to his Rector seven pound ten,
Which maketh the balance clearly due
From Curate to Rector, one pound two.

Ah balance, on earth unfair, uneven!
But sure to be all set right in heaven,
Where bills like these will be checked, some day,
And the balance settled the other way:
Where Lyons the curate's hard-wrung sum
Will back to his shade with interest come:
And Marcus, the rector, deep may rue
This tot, in his favour, of one pound two.

PADDY'S METAMORPHOSIS.

About fifty years since, in the days of our daddies,
That plan was commenced which the wise now applaud,
Of shipping off Ireland's most turbulent Paddies,
As good raw material for *settlers*, abroad.

Some West-India island, whose name I forget,
Was the region then chos'n for this scheme so romantic;
And such the success the first colony met,
That a second, soon after, set sail o'er th' Atlantic.

Behold them now safe at the long-look'd-for shore,
Sailing in between banks that the Shannon might greet,
And thinking of friends whom, but two years before,
They had sorrow'd to lose, but would soon again meet.

And, hark, from the shore, a glad welcome there came—
"Arrah, Paddy from Cork, is it you, my sweet boy?"
While Pat stood astounded, to hear his own name
Thus hailed by black devils, who caper'd for joy!

Can it possibly be?—half amazement—half doubt,
Pat listens again—rubs his eyes and looks steady;
Then heaves a deep sigh, and in horror yells out,
"Good Lord! only think,—black and curly already!"

Deceived by that well-mimick'd brogue in his ears,
Pat read his own doom in these wool-headed figures,
And thought, what a climate, in less than two years,
To turn a whole cargo of Pats into niggers!

MORAL.

'T is thus,—but alas! by a marvel more true
Than is told in this rival of Ovid's best stories,—
Your Whigs, when in office a short year or two,
By a *lusus naturæ*, all turn into Tories.

And thus, when I hear them "strong measures" advise,
Ere the seats that they sit on have time to get steady,
I say, while I listen, with tears in my eyes,
"Good Lord! only think,—black and curly already!"

COCKER, ON CHURCH REFORM.

FOUNDED UPON SOME LATE CALCULATIONS.

FINE figures of speech let your orators follow,
Old Cocker has figures that beat them all hollow.
Though famed for his rules Aristotle may be,
In but *half* of this Sage any merit I see,
For, as honest Joe Hume says, the "*tottle*"* for me!

As, for instance,—while others discuss and debate,—
It is thus about Bishops *I* ratiocinate:
In England, where, spite of the infidel's laughter,
'T is certain our souls are look'd *very* well after,
Two Bishops can well (if judiciously sunder'd)
Of parishes manage two thousand two hundred,—
Said number of parishes, under said teachers,
Containing three millions of Protestant creatures,—
So that each of said Bishops full ably controls
Just one million five hundred thousands of souls.

* The *total*,—so pronounced by this industrious senator.

And now comes old Cocker. In Ireland we're told,
Half a million includes the whole Protestant fold;
Therefore, if, for *three* millions of souls, 'tis conceded
Two proper-sized Bishops are all that is needed,
'Tis plain, for the Irish *half* million who want 'em,
One third of *one* Bishop is just the right quantum.
And thus, by old Cocker's sublime Rule of Three,
The Irish Church question's resolv'd to a T;
Keeping always that excellent maxim in view,
That, in saving men's souls, we must save money too.

Nay, if,—as St. Roden complains is the case,—
The half million of *soul* is decreasing apace,
The demand, too, for *bishop* will also fall off,
Till the *tithe* of one, taken in kind, be enough.
But, as fractions imply that we'd have to dissect,
And to cutting up Bishops I strongly object,
We've a small, fractious prelate whom well we could spare,
Who has just the same decimal worth, to a hair;
And, not to leave Ireland too much in the lurch,
We'll let her have Ex—t—r, *sole*,* as her Church.

* Corporation sole.

LES HOMMES AUTOMATES.

"We are persuaded that this our artificial man will not only walk and speak, and perform most of the outward functions of animal life, but (being wound up once a week) will perhaps reason as well as most of your country parsons."

Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus, chap. xii.

It being an object now to meet
With Parsons that don't want to eat,
Fit men to fill those Irish rectories
Which soon will have but scant refectories,
It has been suggested,—lest that Church
Should, all at once, be left in the lurch,
For want of reverend men endued
With this gift of ne'er requiring food,—
To try, by way of experiment, whether
There could n't be made, of wood and leather,*
(Howe'er the notion may sound chimerical,)
Jointed figures, not *lay*, but clerical,†

* The materials of which those Nuremberg Savans, mentioned by Scriblerus, constructed their artificial man.

† The wooden models used by painters are, it is well known, called "lay figures."

Which, wound up carefully once a week,
Might just like parsons look and speak,
Nay even, if requisite, reason too
As well as most Irish parsons do.

Th' experiment having succeeded quite,
(Whereat those Lords must much delight,
Who've shown, by stopping the Church's food,
They think 't is not for her spiritual good
To be serv'd by parsons of flesh and blood),
The Patentees of this new invention
Beg leave respectfully to mention,
They now are enabled to produce
A large supply, for present use,
Of these reverend pieces of machinery,
Ready for vicarage, rect'ry, deanery,
Or any such-like post of skill
That wood and leather are fit to fill.

N.B.—In places addicted to arson,
We can't recommend a wooden parson:
But, if the Church any such appoints,
They 'd better, at least, have iron joints.
In parts, not much by Protestants haunted,
A figure to *look at's* all that's wanted—
A block in black, to eat and sleep,
Which (now that the eating's o'er) comes cheap.

P.S.—Should the Lords, by way of a treat,
Permit the clergy again to eat,
The Church will, of course, no longer need
Imitation-parsons that never feed,
And these creatures of ours, broke up, will sell
For secular purposes just as well—
Our Beresfords, turn'd to bludgeons stout,
May, 'stead of beating their own about,
Be knocking the brains of Papists out;
While our smooth O'Sullivans, by all means,
Should transmigrate into *turning* machines.

HOW TO MAKE ONE'SSELF A PEER,

ACCORDING TO THE NEWEST RECEIPT, AS DISCLOSED IN A LATE HERALDIC WORK.

CHOOSE some title that's dormant—the Peerage hath many—
Lord Baron of Shamdos sounds nobly as any.
Next, catch a dead cousin of said defunct Peer,
And marry him, off hand, in some given year,
To the daughter of somebody,—no matter who,—
Fig, the grocer himself, if you're hard run, will do;
For, the Medici *pills* still in heraldry tell,
And why shouldn't *lollypops* quarter as well?

Thus, having your couple,—and one a lord's cousin,—
Young materials for peers may be had by the dozen;
And 'tis hard if, inventing each small mother's-son of 'em,
You can't somehow manage to prove *yourself* one of 'em.
Should registers, deeds, and such matters refractory
Stand in the way of this lord-manufactory,
I've merely to hint, as a secret auricular,
One *grand* rule of enterprise,—*don't* be particular.
A man who once takes such a jump at nobility,
Must *not* mince the matter, like folks of nihility,*
But clear thick and thin with true lordly agility.

'Tis true, to a would-be descendant from Kings,
Parish-registers sometimes are troublesome things;
As oft, when the vision is near brought about,
Some goblin, in shape of a grocer, grins out;
Or some barber, perhaps, with my Lord mingles bloods,
And one's patent of peerage is left in the suds.

But there *are* ways—when folks are resolv'd to be lords—
Of expurging ev'n troublesome parish records.
What think ye of scissors? depend on't no heir
Of a Shamdos should go unsupplied with a pair,
As, whate'er *else* the learn'd in such lore may invent,
Your scissors does wonders in proving descent.
Yes, poets may sing of those terrible shears
With which Atropos snips off both bumpkins and peers,

* "This we call pure nihility, or mere nothing."—*Watts's Logick.*

But they're nought to that weapon which shines in the hands
Of some would-be-Patrician, when proudly he stands
O'er the careless churchwarden's baptismal array,
And sweeps at each cut generations away.—
By some babe of old times is his peerage resisted?
One snip,—and the urchin hath *never* existed!
Does some marriage, in days near the Flood, interfere
With his one sublime object of being a Peer?
Quick the shears at once nullify bridegroom and bride,—
No such people have ever liv'd, married, or died!

Such the newest receipt for those high-mind elves,
Who 've a fancy for making great lords of themselves.
Follow this, young aspirer, who pant'st for a peerage,
Take S—m for thy model and B—z for thy steerage,
Do all and much worse than old Nicholas Flam does,
And—*who* knows but you 'll be Lord Baron of Shamdos?

00052788

LONDON:

PRINTED BY MANNING AND SMITHSON,
IVY-LANE, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 17 February, 2016